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MAD STAR WARS SPECTACULAR



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GALACTICKLE DEPT.

IN A GALAXY MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY, A BAD EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE HAS PLANS FOR A SUPER SPACE STATION THAT CAN DESTROY AN ENTIRE PLANET. LED BY GOOD PRINCESS LAIDUP, REBEL FORCES STEAL THE PLANS...AND A MIGHTY STAR WAR TAKES PLACE

That rotten, evil Galactic Empire... killing and destroying everything in sight!!

Wiping out planets and civilization, I can almost excuse! But when they start picking on poor defenseless movie introductions...

Hey, clue me in... How do we tell the GOOD GUYS from the BAD GUYS around here, anyway?!

Simple! The WHITES are BAD! The BLACKS are GOOD!

Where'd they get that idea from, Ganoomo Sajo... the ruler of Mars?

No, Muhammad Ali... the ruler of Earth!

If us BAD guys are in WHITE, and the GOOD guys are in BLACK... what's our Leader doing dressed in Black...?

You may not believe this, but he hasn't changed his costume in 20 years! It started OUT white, but with all his dirty work...

You are now in my power, Princess Laidup! Return the plans you stole, and I'll make it worth your while!

You can't bribe me, Zader! You forget, I'm fearless and honest and decent and incorruptible!

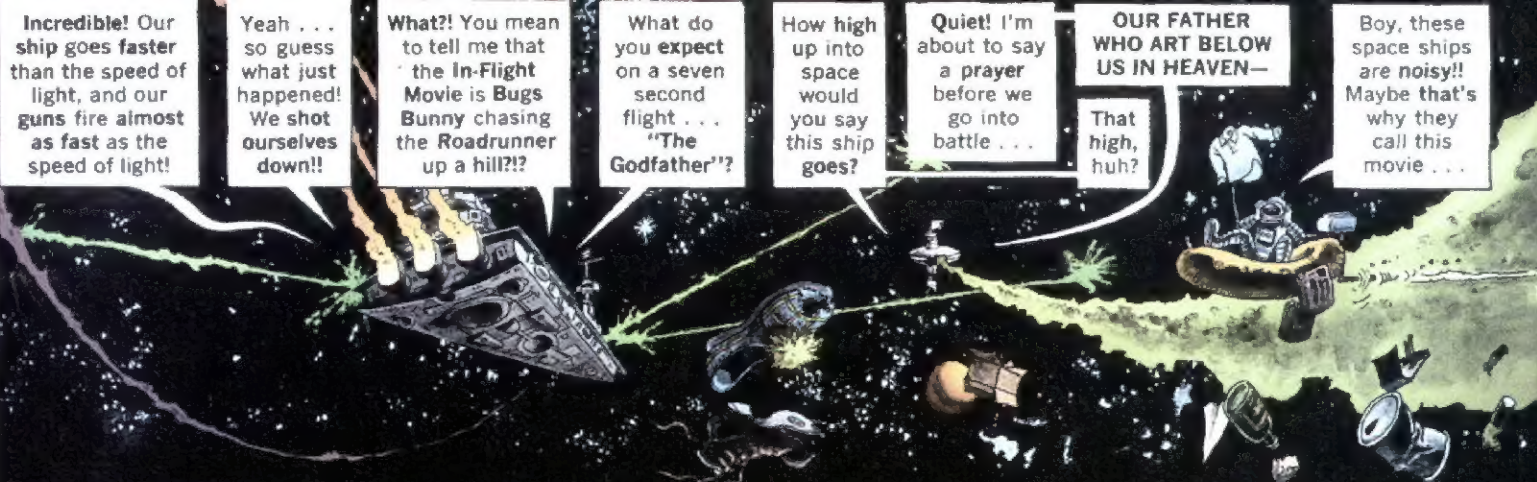
Come on! Where are the plans?

If you must know, I gave them to a pair of robots!

You gave them to a pair of ROBOTS?!

I never said I was SMART!!





STAR ROARS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL WITH DICK DE BARTOLO

We got away, Bar-Stool! So far, so good! The Princess depends on us! Our mission must not fail!

Beedeeep! Boop! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: If we're both robots, Cree-Pio, how come we look—and talk—so different?

Because I happen to be a magnificent, articulate golden Adonis, and you're a sawed-off, incoherent, stupid sack of bolts!

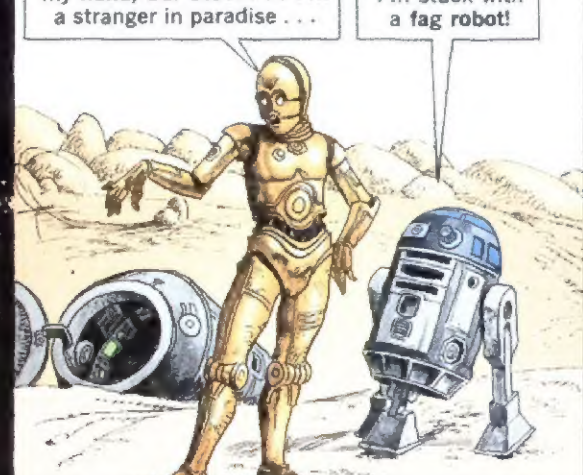
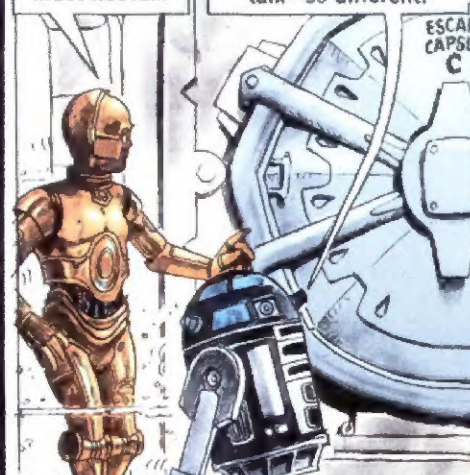
Beedeeep! Boop!

TRANSLATION: I knew there had to be a scientific reason for it!

Goodness gracious, this planet simply screams for some—*Je ne sais quoi*—in the way of decor! Still, in some ways, it's a veritable Shangri-La! Take my hand, Bar-Stool... I'm a stranger in paradise...

Beedeeep! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: As if I don't have enough problems, now I'm stuck with a fag robot!



Bar-Stool, we seem to be lost! Oh, dear... look what's coming! Fiendish creatures about to tear us limb from limb and commit unspeakable acts of cruelty upon us...!

Follow the yellow sand road! Follow the yellow sand road! Follow... follow... follow... Follow the yellow sand road!

Beep! Zit! Gack!

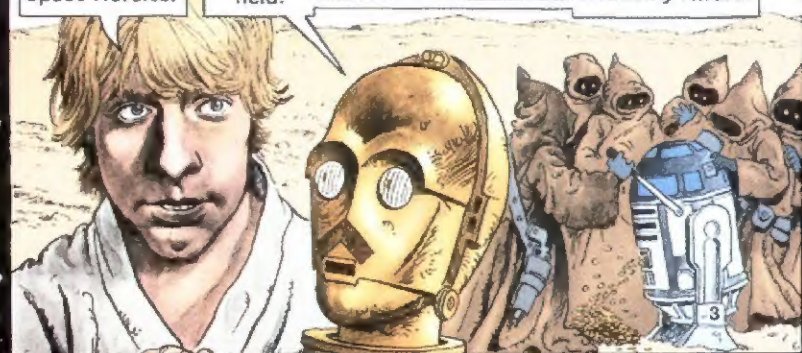
TRANSLATION: And then again... there's an outside chance they may be Space Munchkins!

Hi, strangers! I'm Lube Sky-stalker! I'm a senior at Buffoon Tech, where I major in Incredible Space Heroics!

Gracious, there couldn't be any money in THAT field!

You're telling me! That's why I'm minoring in Space Accounting! Hey, anyone ever tell you you look like an "Oscar"?!!

Take a good look! With your performance in this film, it's as close as you'll ever get to an Academy Award!



We need help! It's our Princess!
She's in terrible trouble! I'm
now going to press a button on
my companion here, and an image
will appear with a message that
may mean life or death for the
entire universe! Here goes . . .

Welcome to "Hollywood Squares"!

Whoops!
Wrong
button!
Don't
tell me
you get
THAT
thing up
here too!

Yep!
There's
no
way
you
can
keep
it
out!



Ah, here's the Princess now!

Save me, Oldie Von Moldie . . .
wherever you are! You are my
only hope! Otherwise, millions
of people will be wiped out in
a holocaust, the likes of which
civilization has never seen!

Is
that
her
whole
bit?
Just
that?

No, actually she closes
with a saxophone solo
that'll blow your mind!
But you get the idea!
Lube, you must help us
find Oldie Von Moldie!

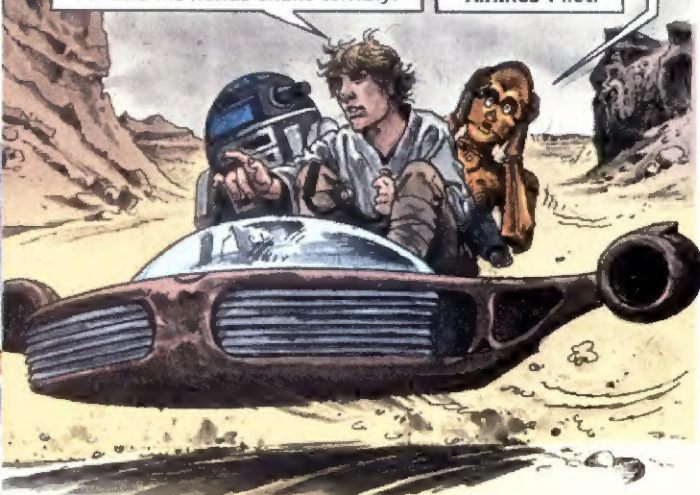
Hop in my space car!



Look! There's Oldie Von Moldie!!
Many years ago, my Father and he
were Military Pilots together!
Now, he's 97 . . . he can hardly see
. . . and his hands shake terribly!

What does he do now?

What else? He's
a Commercial
Airlines Pilot!

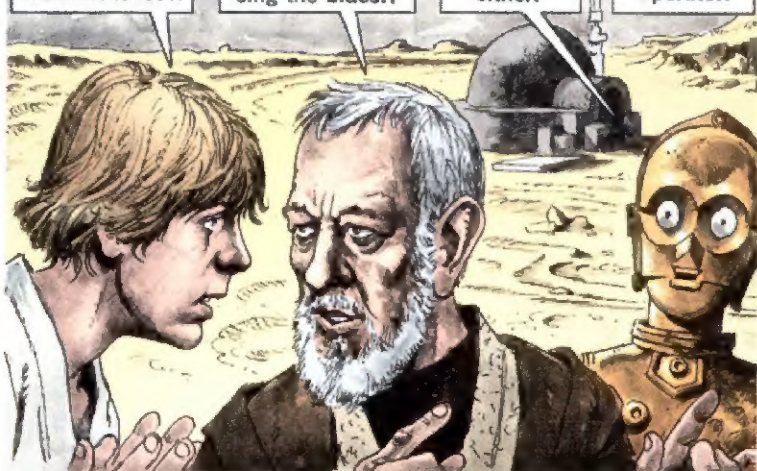


Oldie, Princess
Laidup is in
the hands of
that rat, Zader!
We haven't a
moment to lose!

Eh? What's that?
You say you want
to go up to my
flat later and
sing the blues??

He doesn't
seem to
HEAR too
well,
either!

In his spare
time, he
moonlights
as a
Telephone
Operator!



Very well,
Lube! We
will go
into town,
find us a
space ship
and rescue
Princess
Laidup!

But first,
I must
teach you
about the
Force . . .

The Force?
what's
that?!

It is a Power
that is all
around us! It
is everywhere
at all times!
It knows all
and sees all!
It is eternal!

They have
something
like that
on Earth!
It's called
"The
Internal
Revenue
Service"!



Hold
it! Let
me
see
your
I.D.!

He doesn't
have to show
you his I.D.!

He doesn't
have to show
me his I.D.!

He can go
about his
business!

He can go
about his
business!

Gee,
Oldie,
how
did
you do
that?

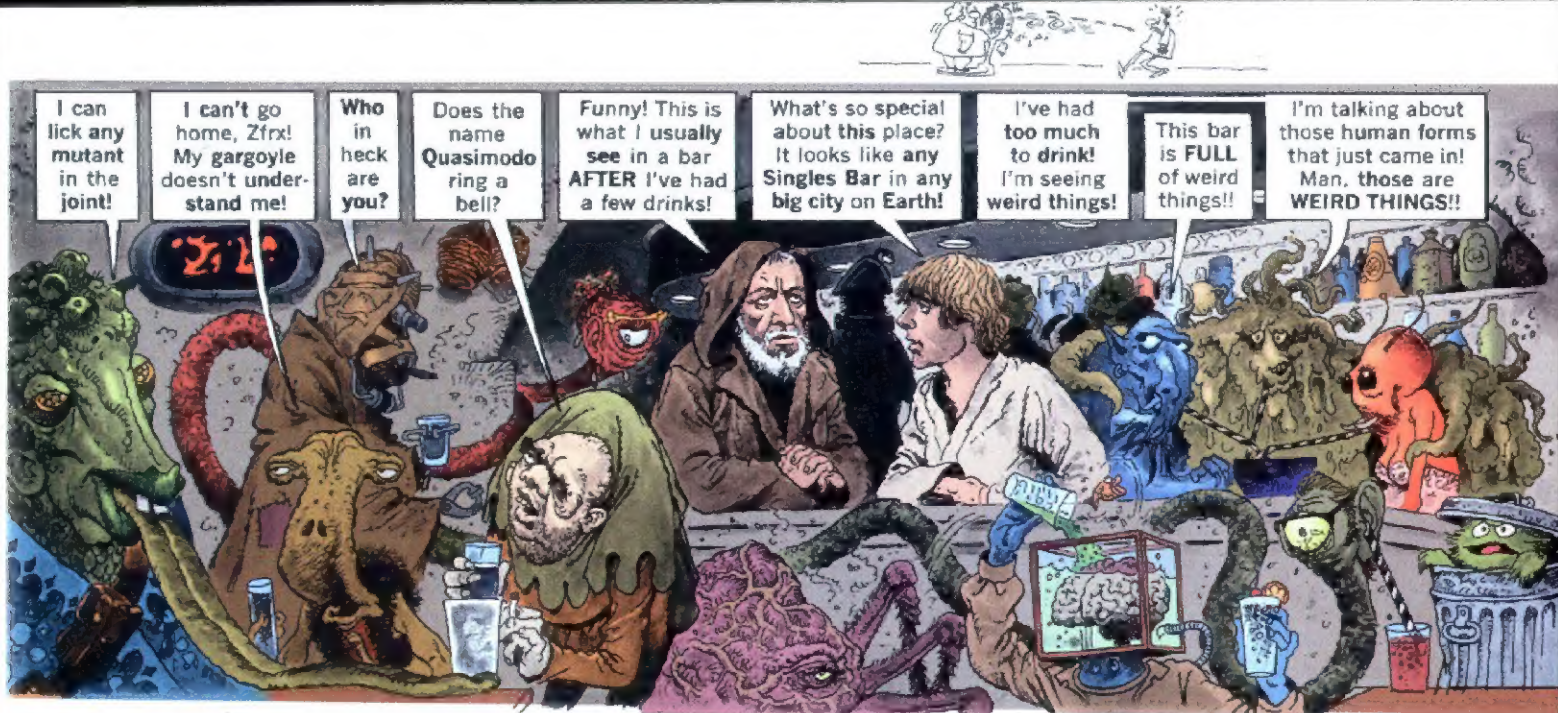
The Force gives
you power over
weak minds!

The Force gives
me power over
weak minds!

All right!
Drive on!

All
right!
Drive
on!





I can lick any mutant in the joint!

I can't go home, Zfrx! My gargoyle doesn't understand me!

Who in heck are you?

Does the name Quasimodo ring a bell?

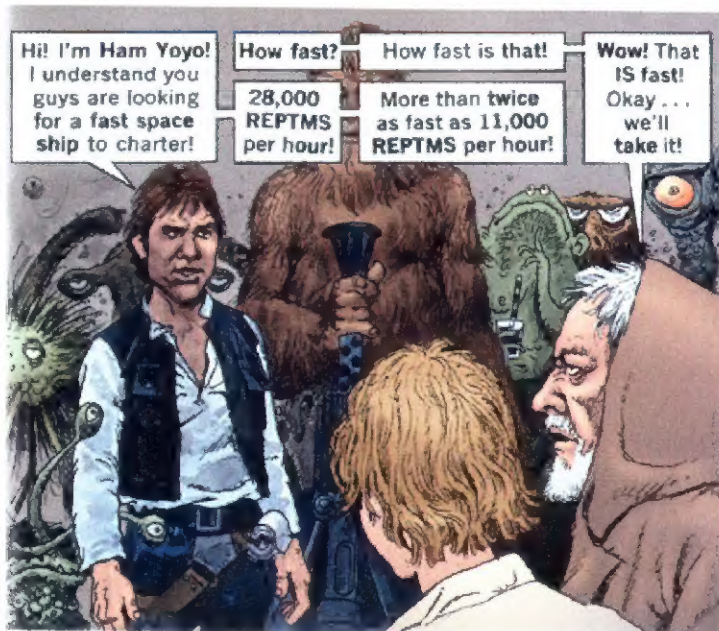
Funny! This is what I usually see in a bar AFTER I've had a few drinks!

What's so special about this place? It looks like any Singles Bar in any big city on Earth!

I've had too much to drink! I'm seeing weird things!

This bar is FULL of weird things!!

I'm talking about those human forms that just came in! Man, those are WEIRD THINGS!!

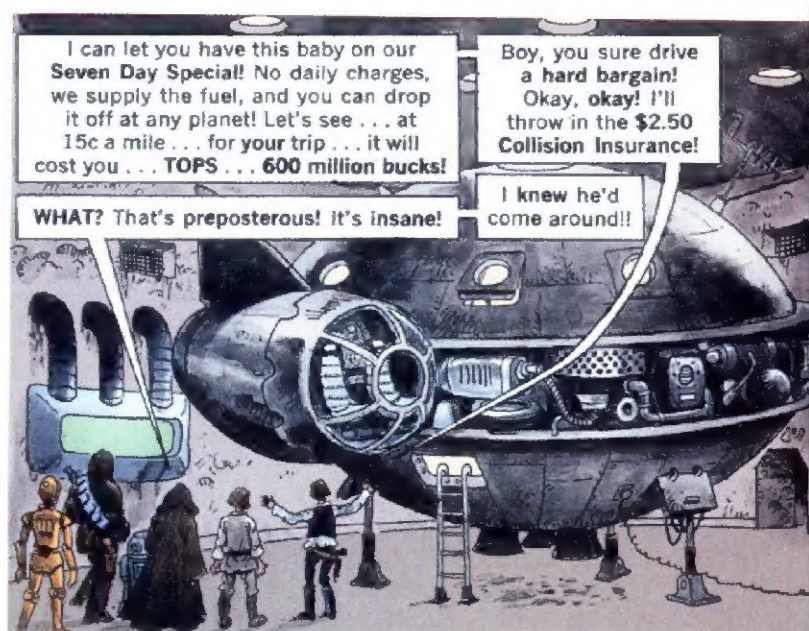


Hi! I'm Ham Yoyo! I understand you guys are looking for a fast space ship to charter!

How fast? 28,000 REPTMS per hour!

How fast is that! More than twice as fast as 11,000 REPTMS per hour!

Wow! That IS fast! Okay... we'll take it!



I can let you have this baby on our Seven Day Special! No daily charges, we supply the fuel, and you can drop it off at any planet! Let's see... at 15c a mile... for your trip... it will cost you... TOPS... 600 million bucks!

Boy, you sure drive a hard bargain! Okay, okay! I'll throw in the \$2.50 Collision Insurance!

I knew he'd come around!!

WHAT? That's preposterous! It's insane!



No, no, Lube! You're looking at the target with your eyes! Try to "see it" with your mind!!

Try hitting it with this face mask covering your eyes! See? You're doing much better!!

But this mask has a little slit in it! I can still see out...!

Seeing with your mind, Lube, also means keeping your mouth shut!!



I hope you guys don't mind my bringing Chewbacca along as my co-pilot!

Wow! This has been one weird trip so far... hasn't it, Oldie?

Well, when someone piloting a ship I'm on starts pounding his chest, climbing the walls and eating bananas, I worry!!

Me too! And there's no telling what the APE is liable to do, either!

Princess Laidup, you are a prisoner aboard the most advanced space ship in history! It has fire power strong enough to wipe out any planet! It has speed enough to wipe out any enemy! And it has a **Symphony Orchestra** loud enough to wipe out any audience! Now watch as we destroy that planet ahead!

Excuse me, but I'm from the **Electric Company** . . . and **before** you wipe out any more planets, you'll have to pay your bill! You owe us **\$4 million** in back payments, and that's just for **YESTERDAY!!**

I suddenly feel a **sick sensation** in my stomach . . . like a million souls crying out in terror! It's . . . an **incredible disturbance**, I feel . . .

Perhaps the **Death Ship** has blown up an entire planet . . . ?

Perhaps . . . ! Then again, it might be the **radishes** I had for lunch . . . !

Look! It's the evil Galactic Empire **Death Ship Space Station** . . . straight ahead of us!

Let's get out of here!

We can't! We've lost control! We're being drawn toward it! They have their **X-5-G Nuclear Hoover-Matic** on "**Full Suck**"!!

I've got good news and bad news! First, the bad news! That **Death Ship Space Port** is jammed with **50,000** heavily armed bad guys!

Gulp! What's the **GOOD NEWS?**

We probably won't have to go through **Baggage Claim!!**

Remember, lads, try to act **nonchalant!**

Anybody come by your post, Zagg?

Yeah! A party of six! Two guys, a 97-year-old man, a couple of robots, and a 14-foot ape!

Okay . . . but if you see anything **UNUSUAL**, let me know!

Here's my first plan, men! You fellows . . . take over the **Control Room** and rescue the **Princess** . . . and I'll take care of **Zader!!**

Look, Oldie! The bad guys have **spotted us!**

Okay . . . here's my second plan . . . **RUN LIKE HELL!!**

Your Highness, I'm Lube Skystalker! I'm majoring in "Incredible Space Heroics" at Buffoon Tech! As my Term Project, I decided to organize an army, find a convenient space ship, rescue you, and fly you six billion miles to safety on the planet, Draidel!

This is madness! You know what happens if you fail?!

Don't even mention it! God... who wants to be a Space Accountant!

And what is your reason for doing it, Mr. Yoyo...?

Princess, I'm doing it for the money!!

Then I will see to it that you get plenty! I will give you \$20 million!

Wow! Just think of what I can buy with \$20 million!

Well, if you go to Earth, you can buy a pound of Coffee for \$20 million! This is 1999, you know...!



What fantastic luck! Who arranged for you to carry a handy rope on your belt with a hook that happens to fit over that projection so we can swing over this bottomless pit?

Probably the same clever guy who saw to it that 500 sharpshooters could fire at us and miss from a distance of ten feet!



What's happening? Where are we? The walls are starting to close in!!

Great!! We're not only in the world's largest Space Station... we're also in the world's largest Trash Compactor!

Well, at least they won't find us here!

And if they DO find us, they won't recognize us! They'll be looking for FULL-SIZED people!!



So, Zader! We meet again! Prepare your Light Ray Sword for a duel to the death! I shall triumph because I have The Force!

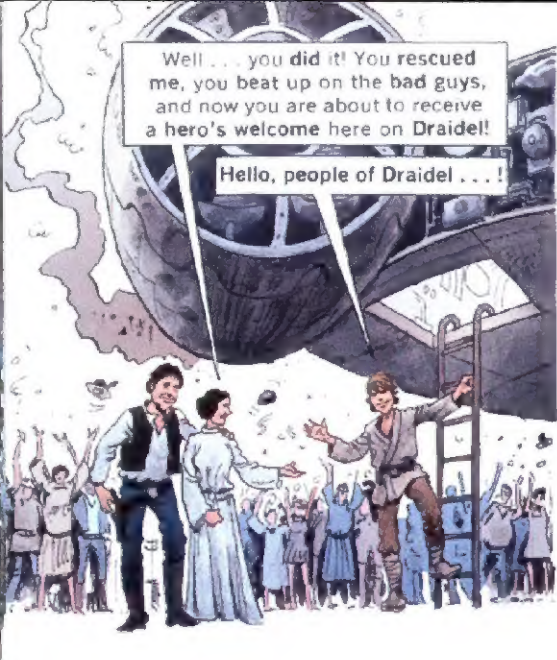
Get ready to die, you black-hearted villain!!

Good lord! My light ray has gone out!!

How ironic! Betrayed by a lack of faith in The Force...

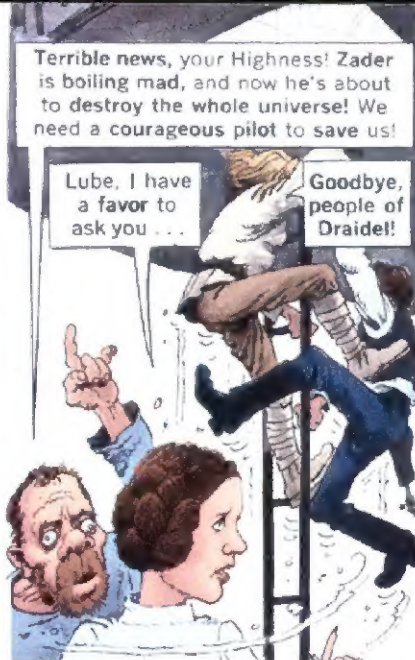
... and a ridiculously short... gasp... extension cord!





Well... you did it! You rescued me, you beat up on the bad guys, and now you are about to receive a hero's welcome here on Draidel!

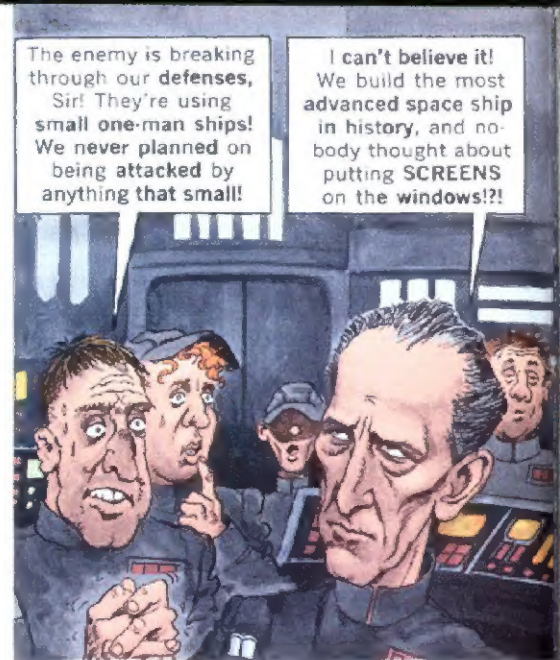
Hello, people of Draidel...!



Terrible news, your Highness! Zader is boiling mad, and now he's about to destroy the whole universe! We need a courageous pilot to save us!

Lube, I have a favor to ask you...

Goodbye, people of Draidel!



The enemy is breaking through our defenses, Sir! They're using small one-man ships! We never planned on being attacked by anything that small!

I can't believe it! We build the most advanced space ship in history, and nobody thought about putting **SCREENS** on the windows?!



Remember, I am with you, Lube!

Do you feel my presence!

So will you please get off my space ship! It's only built for one... and you're going to make me crash!

Besides, time is running out! We must penetrate their defenses, enter the target shaft, and fire on the exact spot that will start a chain reaction!

But how will you know where that exact spot is?

It's a one in a billion chance!!



Wait a minute...!! That may JUST be it!!

THIS WAY

TO DESTROY THE GALACTIC EMPIRE

HERE IT IS!

BREAK GLASS AND HIT BUTTON



KER-

BOOM

TINKLE TINKLE

8



... and so, in closing, people of Draidel, I would just like to say that tyranny has at long last been wiped from the face of the universe, and peace is here! The star wars are over forever!

But... that's terrible! That's simply awful!!



Now that we've made the universe safe, we've opened it up for the tourists!!

WAAH!

SAY!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

WAAH!

SAY!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

WAAH!

SAY!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

WAAH!

SAY!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

WAAH!

SAY!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

WAAH!

SAY!

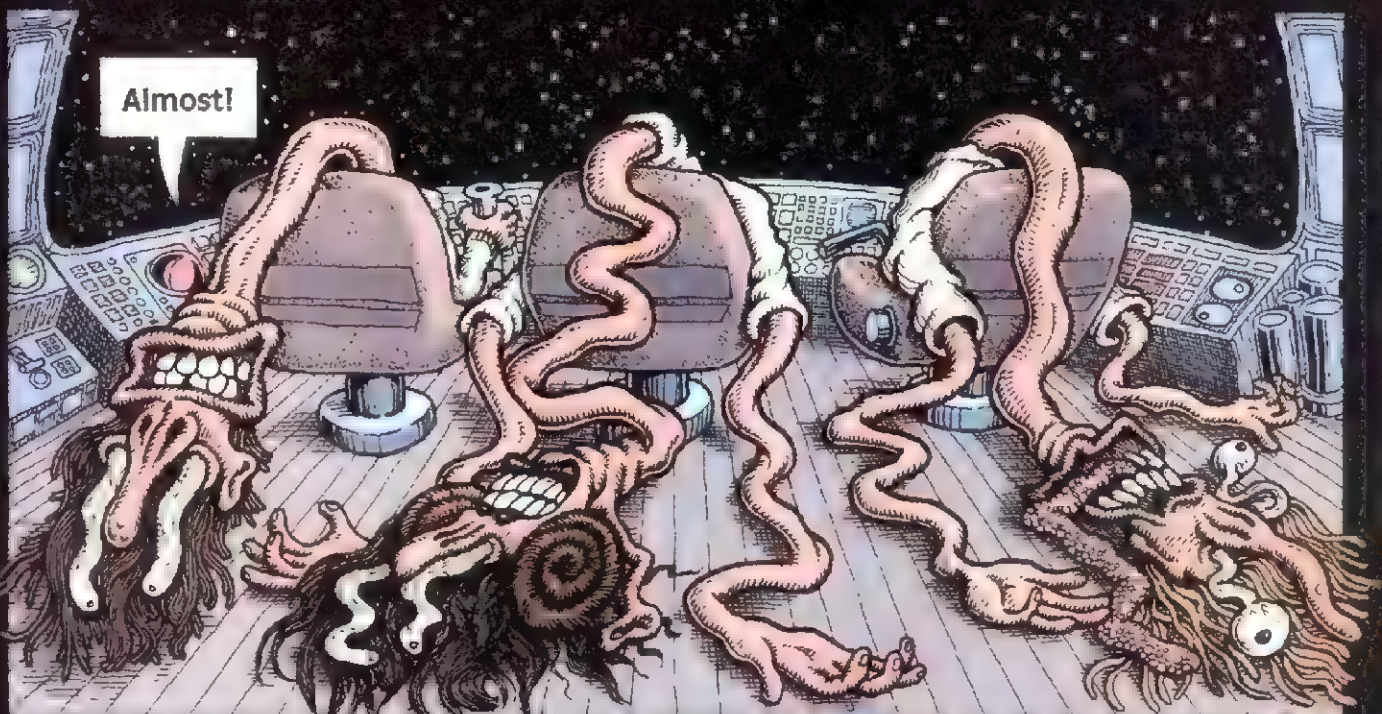
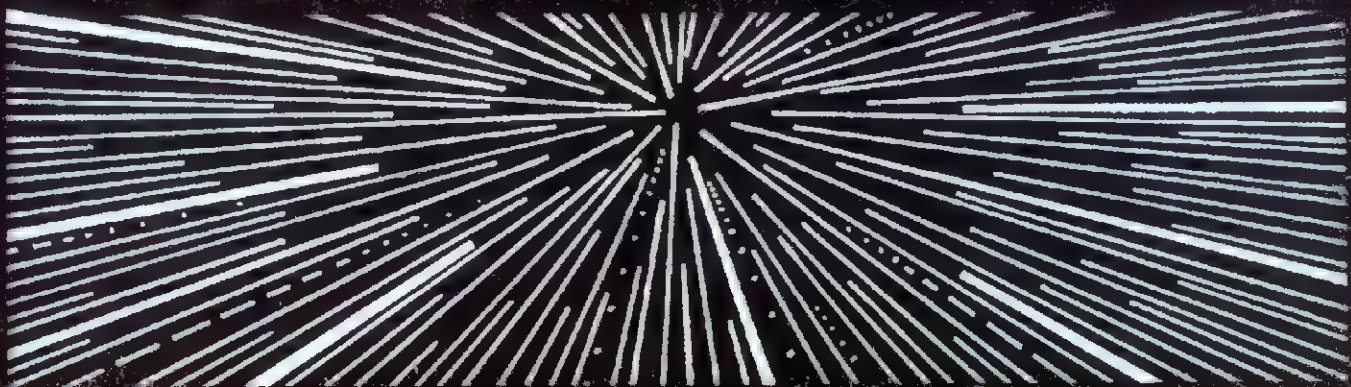
EAT YOUR HEART OUT

WE'VE WON!

ONE FINE DAY IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY

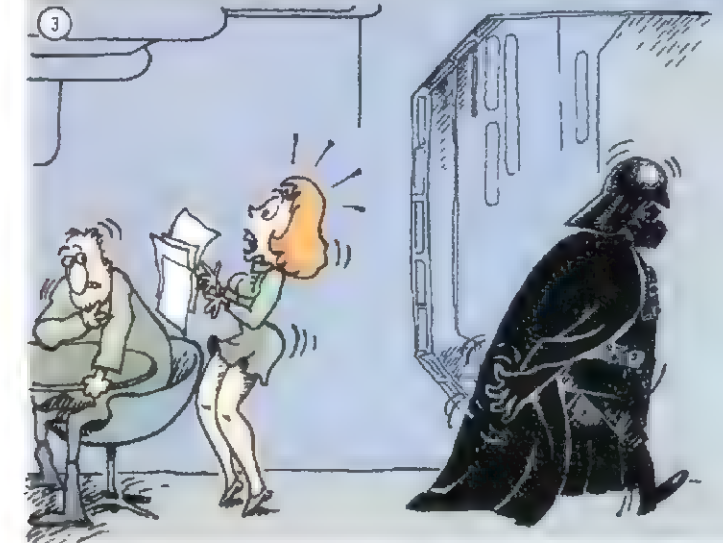
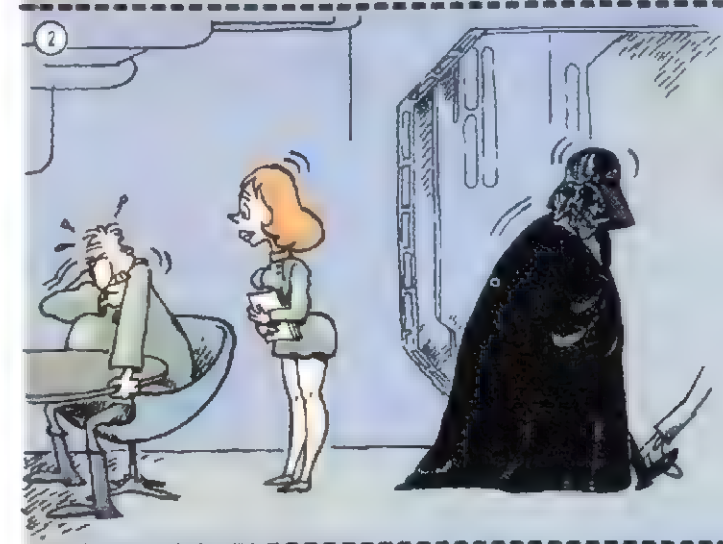
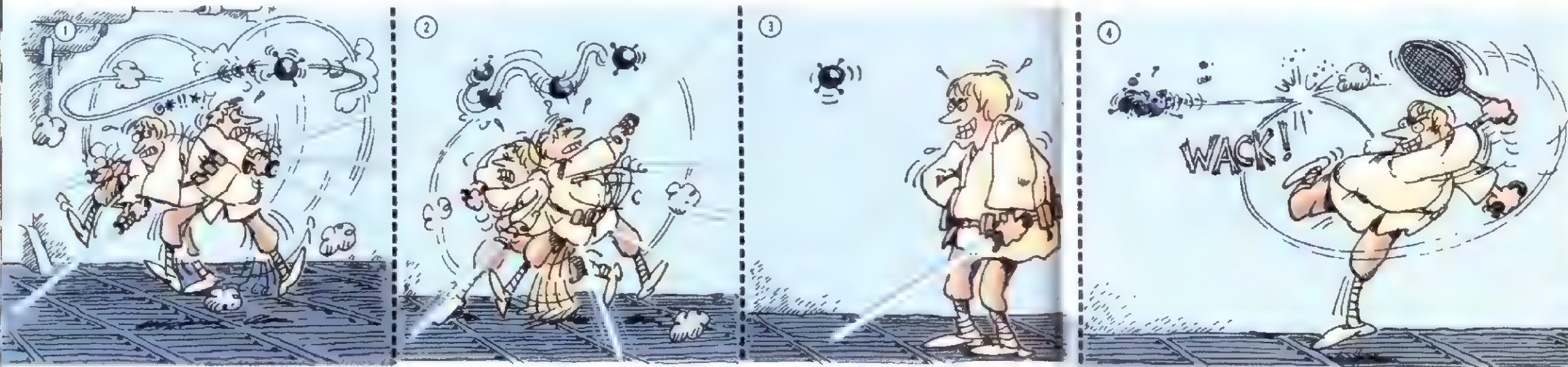
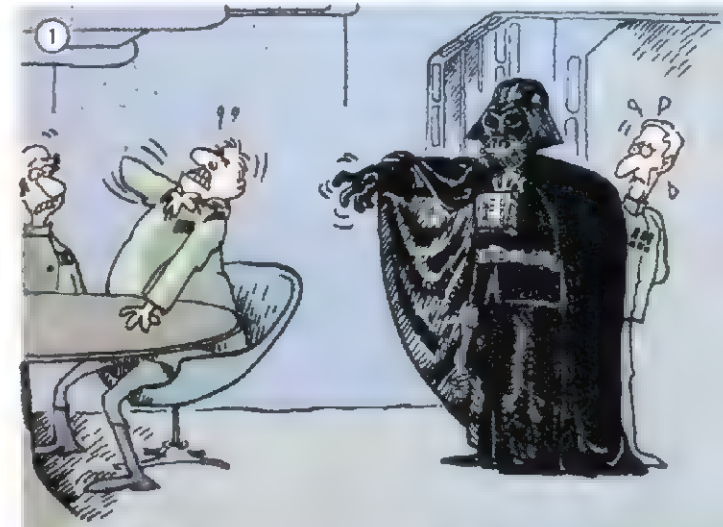
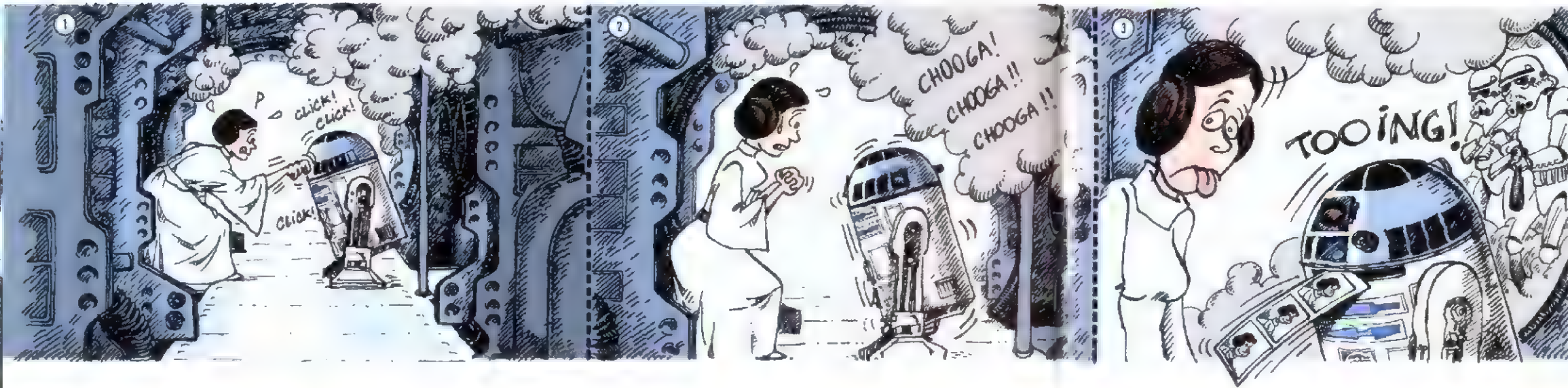
ARTIST: MONTE WOLVERTON

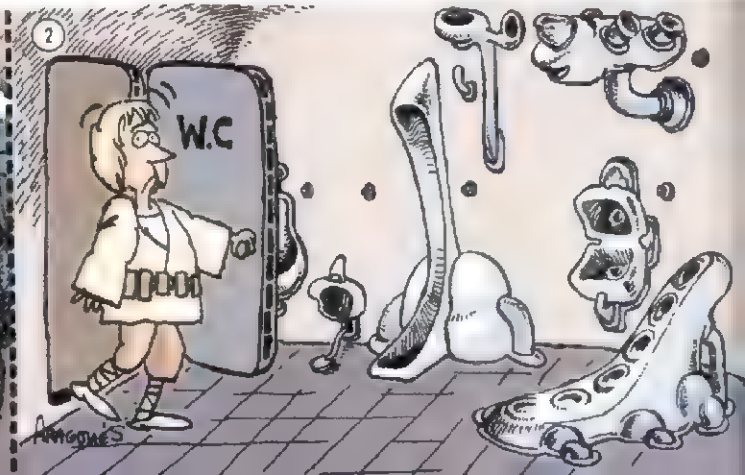
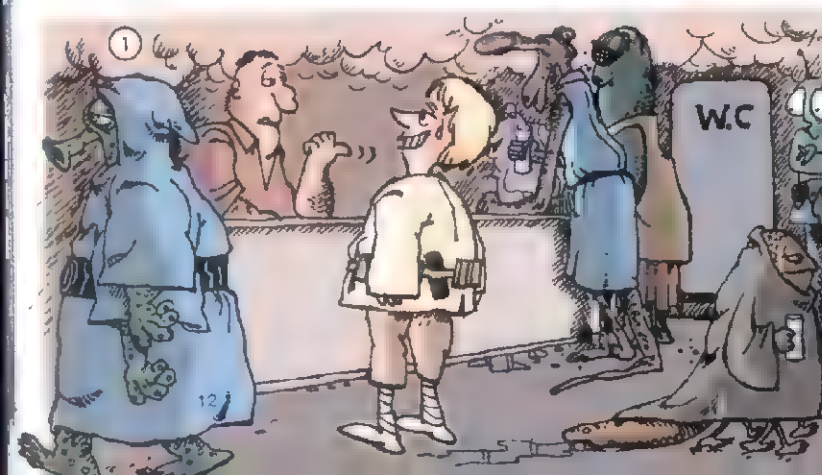
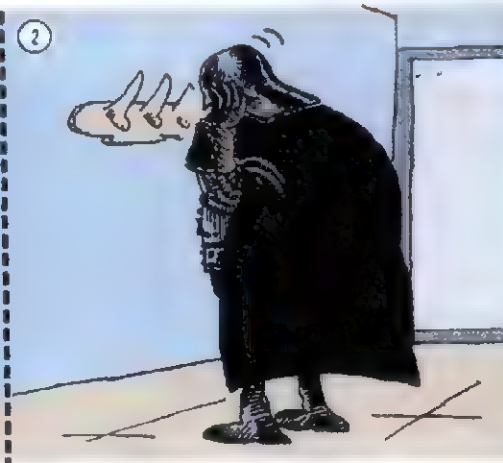
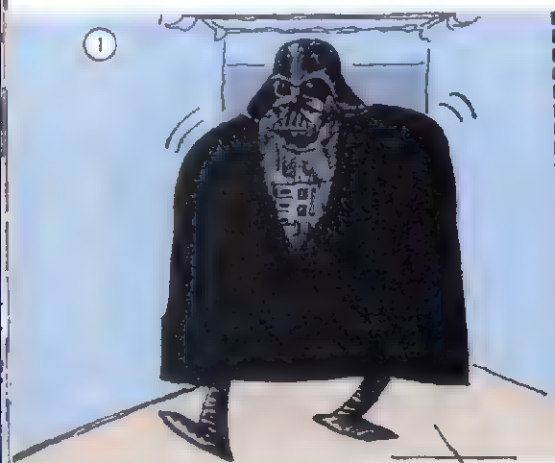
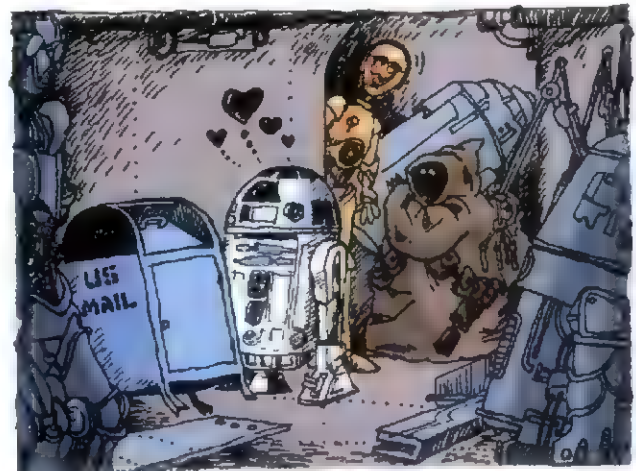
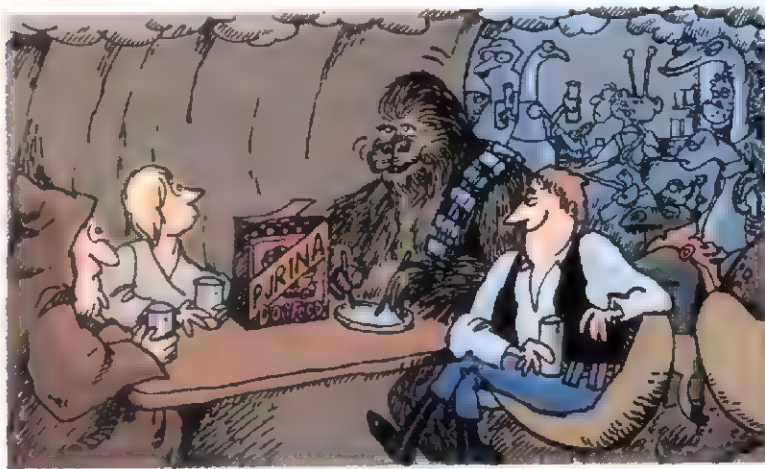
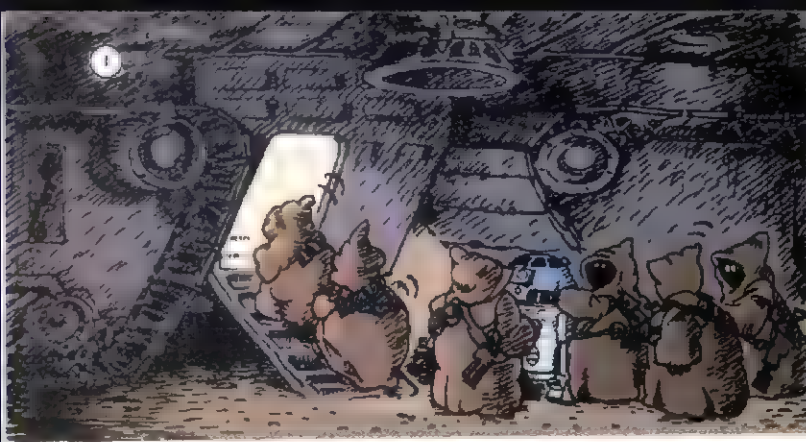
WRITER: DUCK EDWING



A MAD LOOK AT "STAR WARS"

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





When a filmmaker like George Lucas sets out to create a work that will bear his name, he has but one lofty goal, one higher plane he hopes to reach — making money! And lots of it! It's no surprise that a businessman like ol' George figured out that as good as his three *Star Wars* flicks were, the real dough is in the toys! So he licensed playsets and action figures that hop off the shelf faster than you can say "Mommy, I wanna Wookiee." But for every successful Millennium Falcon or Death Star toy, there were the lesser-knowns, the also-rans, the unwanted merchandising items like these...

STAR WARS PLAYSETS

YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER DAVID SHAYNE



STAR WARS: THE FINAL FRONTIER

At first blush, it seemed like a good idea: combine the two most popular science fiction franchises in motion picture history — *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* — to create the ultimate toy spaceship, the Millennium Enterprise. But bringing these two unrelated universes together only confused and frustrated kids! Who commands the ship, they asked, Luke or Kirk? Is that load of blubber in Sick

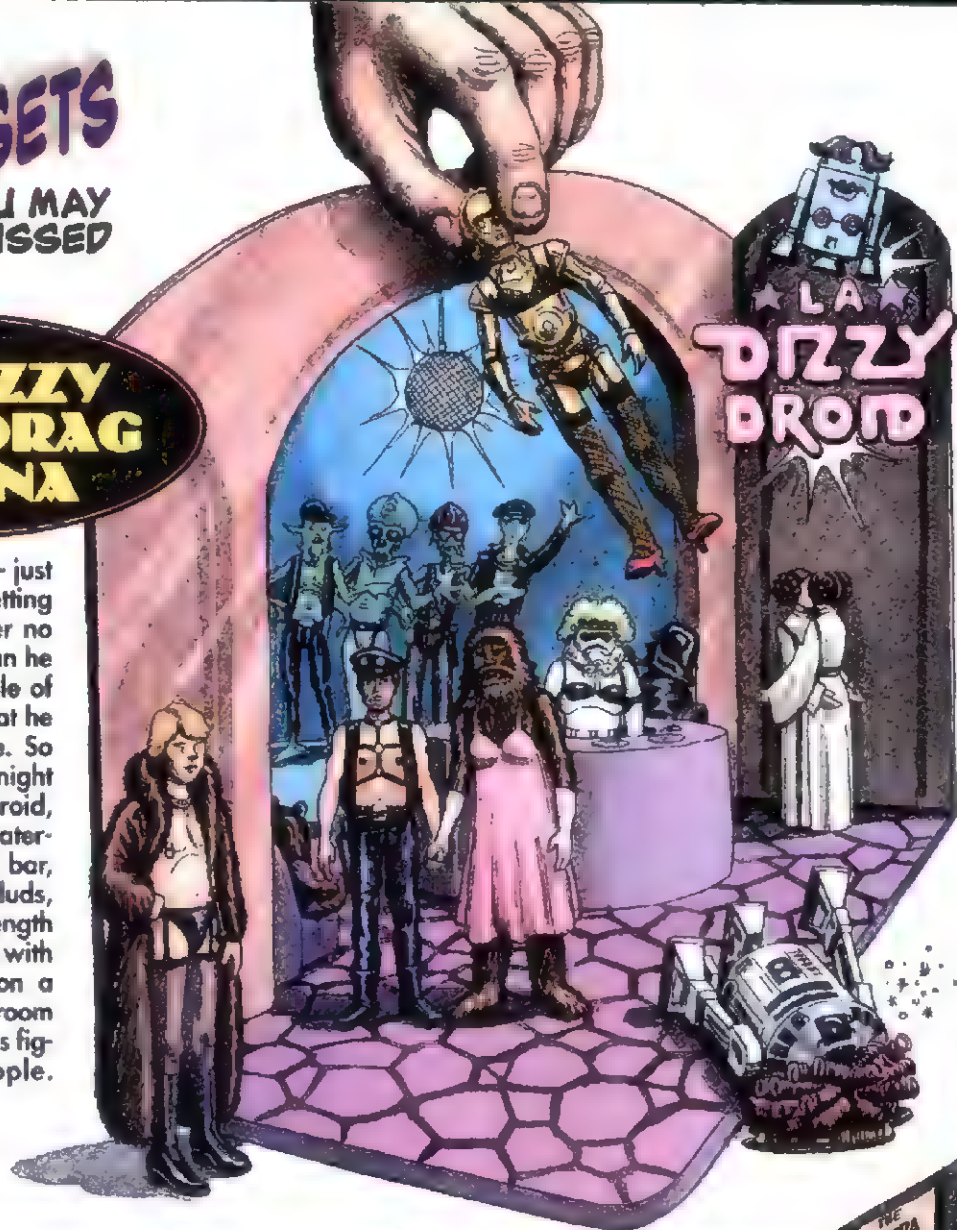
Bay Jabba the Hutt or Scotty? Is that Kirk's real hair, or is Chewbacca shedding again? Who knows? Who cares? Certainly not the toy-buying public, which avoided this plastic monstrosity like a lice-infested Ewok!

STAR WARS PLAYSETS

YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

THE DIZZY DROID DRAG CANTINA

Saving the galaxy ain't exactly a spacewalk in the park — just ask Luke Skywalker! Between getting his hand cut off (by his own father no less) and finding out that the woman he loves is his sister, Luke has a couple of emotional skeletons in his closet that he needs to let out from time to time. So where does a frustrated Jedi Knight head to cut loose? To the Dizzy Droid, the Empire's only "alternative" watering hole. At this intergalactic drag bar, Luke can put away his drab pilot duds, throw on his best Versace floor-length Wookiee fur coat, and have a drink with other "space" explorers! Based on a *Star Wars* scene left on the cutting room floor, this playset includes four bonus figures: the Extraterrestrial Village People.



AL'S IMPERIAL JIFFY LUBE AND GARAGE

Meet Al Mertzer, Mechanic to the Empire. This poor action figure has the unenviable task of doing all the unpleasant-but-necessary dirty work that keeps a galaxy running! From scraping the corpses of Rebel pilots off the feet of an Imperial AT-AT Walker to cleaning up TIE Fighters whose pilots couldn't quite stomach the jump to Hyperspace, Al's done it all at his garage. Playset features a working turbo lift, lube station and landspeeder bay. Deluxe set also includes three action figures: Al, Hank-G48 and Fred-bot, Al's two drunken assistant mechanics, with real cursing action!

CHEWBACCA'S INTERGALACTIC FUR HUT

The au courant Wookiee or Ewok in search of a hip, new image need look no further than this trendy salon in the heart of the Empire's fashion district. From Milan to Alderaan, Chewie's head stylist Tonytron (known to his friends as the Jedi Master of Haircuts) travels the galaxy to hire haircutters who know the latest in body-hair braiding and mane styling. French Poodle cuts, David Schwimmer-style Caesars or Tonytron's special, the Grand Coif Tarkin — they're all available at Chewbacca's Intergalactic Fur Hut! Combination lightsaber/hair clippers not included.



YODA'S SWINGIN' PAD

Sure, in *The Empire Strikes Back*, Yoda lived in a dingy swamp, but when he isn't training Luke how to kick some stormtrooper ass, Yoda likes to chill somewhere a little more chic than a slimy, bug-infested mudhole. And that somewhere is Yoda's Swingin' Pad, the kind of laid-back bachelor apartment where a three-foot, 900-year-old muppet can entertain the ladies in style. With Yoda's Swingin' Pad, kids will learn how to woo the babes — and they'll love playing with Yoda's margarita mixer, mirrored bed and an actual, working condom machine! As the Jedi Master himself says, "A special way I have with the ladies!"



JABBA THE HUTT'S BATHROOM



After sitting around all day eating that greasy Tatooine food, where in the palace does Jabba go to ease his 30' colon? The "throne room," of course! Technicians from Industrial Light and Magic spent months digitizing the seven realistic bathroom noises this playset makes, such as the sound of Jabba after he's had a little too much bran. Set includes intergalactic toilet with real Hyperspace flusher! Stormtrooper Washroom Attendant and Janitor figures with gas masks sold separately.

A couple of years ago, they made a movie called "Star Wars." It was a smash hit, so they announced that they would make a sequel. Everybody thought it would be called "Star Wars II"...but, lo and behold, they called it "Episode V"! Which means that "Star Wars" was actually "Star Wars IV," and "Star Wars VI" through "X" will be made after "V" but before "I" through "III"! In any case, they'd better surpass this sequel, which doesn't compare to the original! In fact...

Well, Princess Laidup, I'll be leaving now! The Bounty Hunters are after me! I've got a price tag on my head!

I can SEE that, Ham Yoyo, and believe me, you're not worth that much!

C'mon! Stop pretending you don't care about me... and kiss me goodbye!

I—I would RATHER kiss a YUCKY... if it weren't for the GERMS!

Oh... I think the Yucky could handle your germs!

Please...! Stop all this bickering!! Must you two always act as if you're MARRIED...???

Bleep... Breet

Besides...! Bar-Stool says Lube Skystalker still isn't back from patrol, and his chances of survival are only one in 12,345,789!!

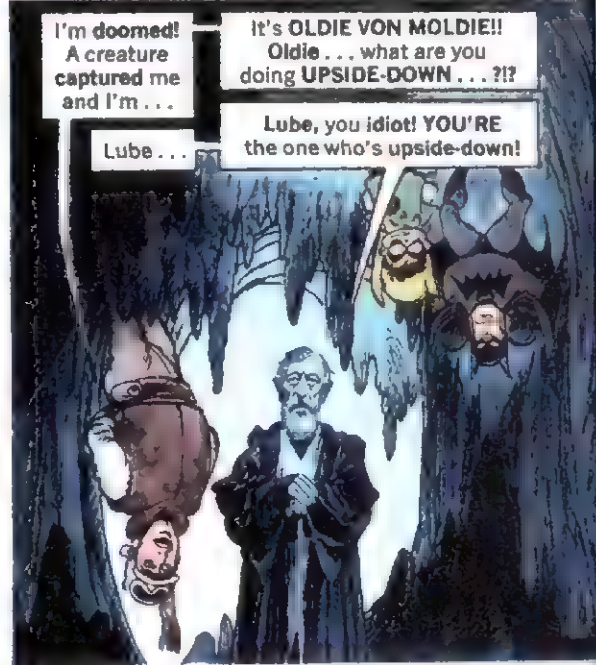
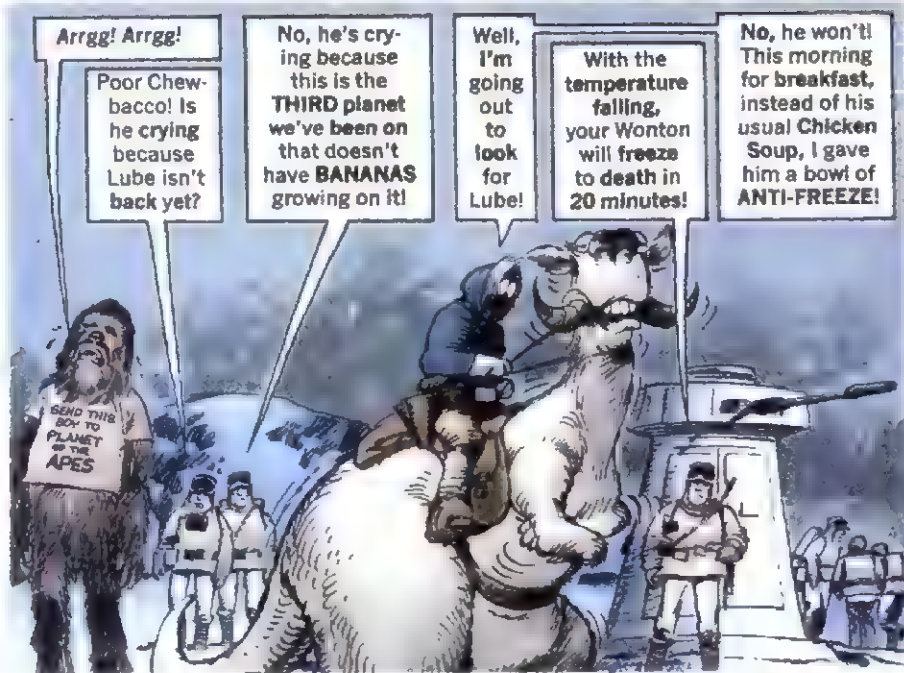
Bleep... Blap... Zeet

Of course, Bar-Stool's chances of being CORRECT are only one in 12,345,790!



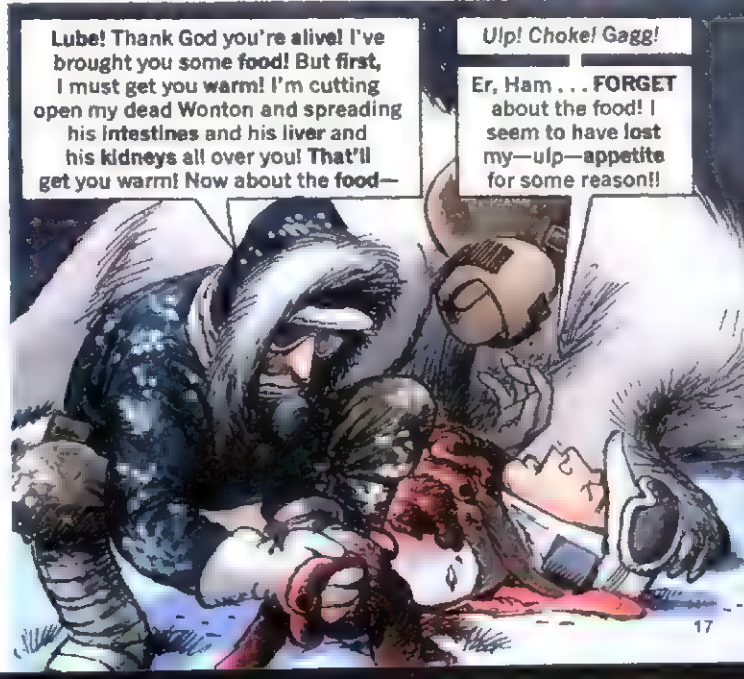
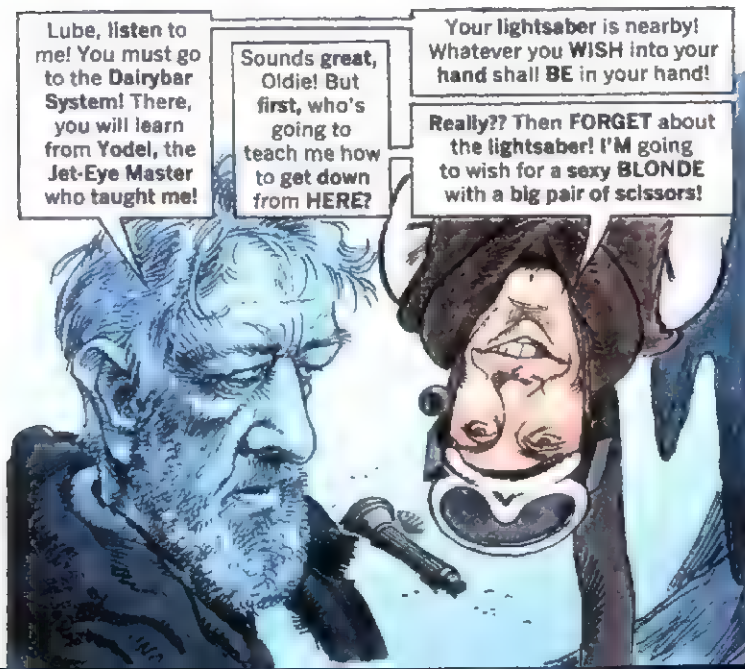
DRUCKER

STAR THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT BORES



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



I FOUND them! I FOUND Lube and Ham! And they're both fine, despite that blistering storm!

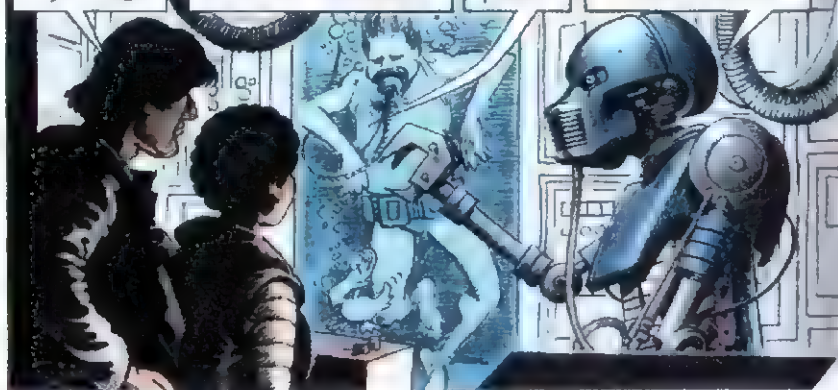
Lube used The Force to create some palm trees and sunshine!

How's Lube, Doc? Did being out in that FRIGID COLD all night do any damage?

No! But some idiot covered him with animal guts! THAT did damage! But now that he's in the Hydro-Bath, he's no longer suffering from GUT EXPOSURE!

Then why does he LOOK like he's in pain?!!

Because NOW he's suffering from DROWNING!!! TOO MUCH HYDRO-BATH! STOP THE HYDRO-BATH! Remove the RUBBER HYDRO-DUCK!!



Ham, now that the emergency is over, why not get on your 90-ton broom and fly out of here?!

Princess, sometimes I think you forgot how to be a woman!

Oh? What makes you say that?

Well... for openers, you have your BRA on backwards!

C'mon, Princess! Stop pretending you dislike me! Last night, you showed your TRUE feelings for me!

As I recall, last night, I kicked you in the rear thruster!!

Yeah, but not all that hard! If that isn't love, what is?!

I'LL show you how much I love you, Ham Yoyo!!

That broad's got great lips, but lousy eyesight!!



Princess... we have a visitor!

It's not at the door! It's on the radar screen! See?

Tell him we gave at the other planet!

Good Lord!! It's a stainless steel COCKROACH! Those things get more indestructible each century!

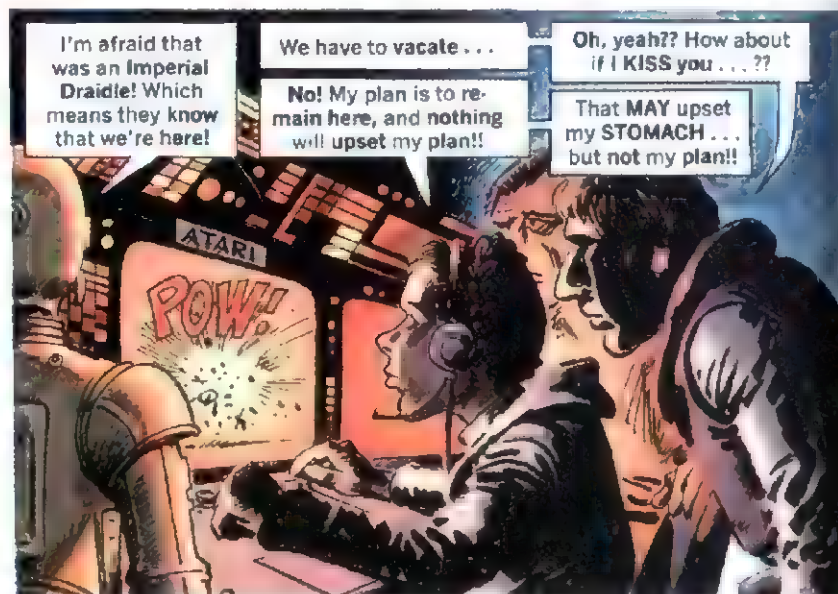
I'm afraid that was an Imperial Droid! Which means they know that we're here!

We have to vacate...

No! My plan is to remain here, and nothing will upset my plan!!

Oh, yeah?? How about if I KISS you...??

That MAY upset my STOMACH... but not my plan!!



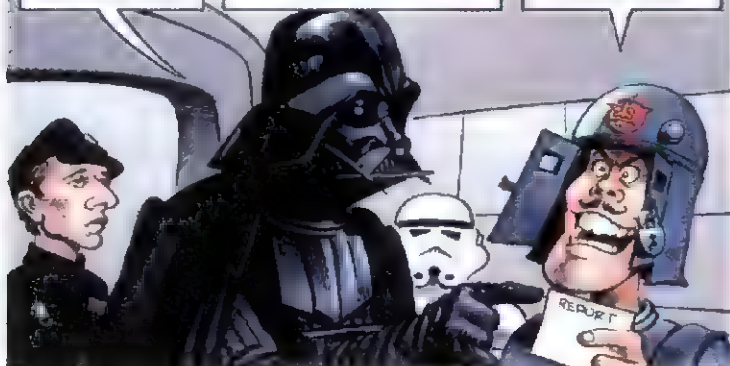
Excuse me, Your Royal Highhandedness, but we've received a very fragmentary report from one of our Probe Droides in the Zoth System! It's such a slim lead that I hesitate to mention it...

That's it! That's EXACTLY where Lube Skywalker, the Princess and the rebels ARE!

But out of ten million places to hide in the universe, why THERE?

Why NOT...?!

Good Lord, your Imperial Logic is overwhelming! We shall attack Zoth at once!

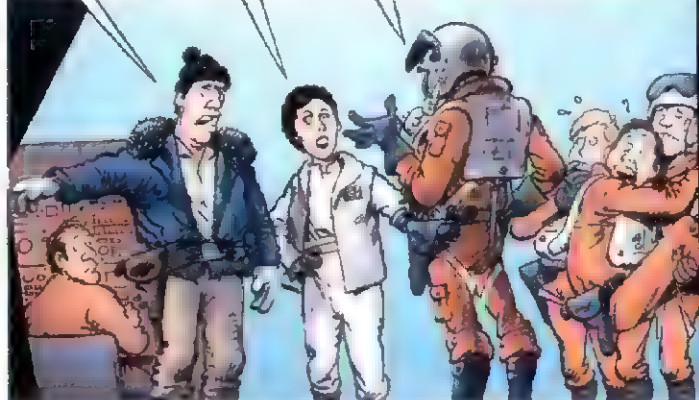


Princess Laidup, six Star Destroyers are on their way here...

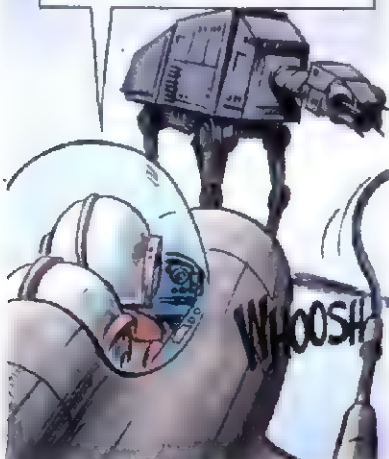
We'll open the Energy Shield for a moment to let the Fighters out...!

Fighters against Imperial Star Destroyers...?!

Don't worry! I'll make sure you're covered by our Ion Cannon... and by our Major Medical Policy!

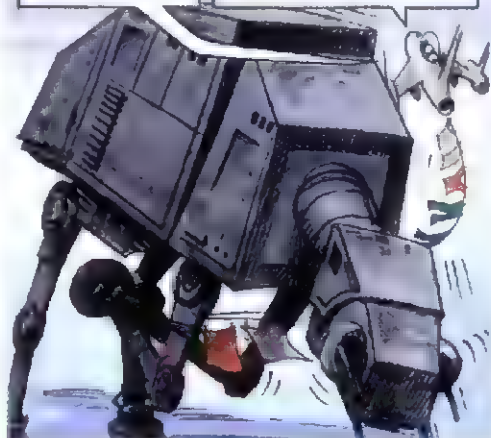


These Imperial Klunkers have armor so thick, our lasers bounce off them! Which is why I'm making a pass across this one's legs with a clothesline!



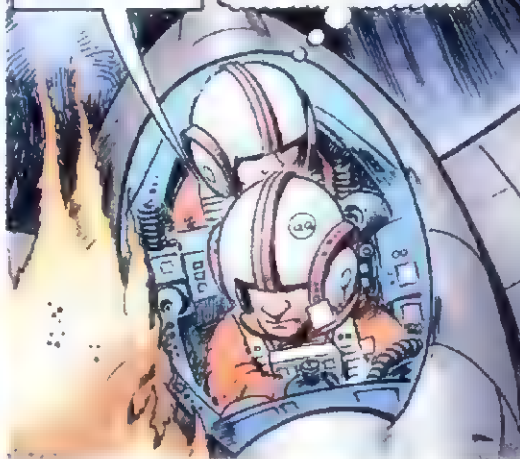
It worked!! It worked! Did the clothesline tangle up the Klunker's legs and TRIP it?

No, the clothesline had all our Yucchies' dirty laundry on it! When the Klunker puts its leg up to its nose to block the smell, it FELL OVER!!



We've been HIT! Hold on tight!! I'll try to find a CLEARING to crash-land into!

A CLEARING?!? This planet has a million square miles of flat ice... and he's going to look for a clearing!

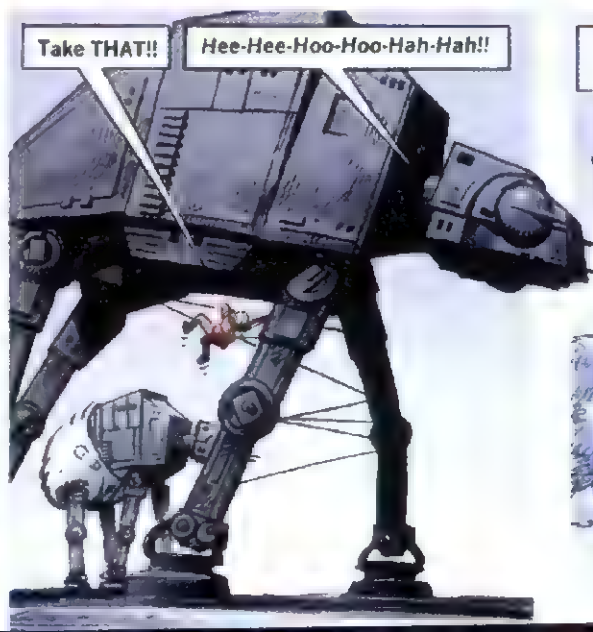


I may have crash-landed my Fighter, but I'm still going to try to destroy another one of those Imperial Klunkers!!



Take THAT!!

Hee-Hee-Hoo-Hoo-Hah-Hah!!



You've got to know exactly where to TICKLE those silly things!!





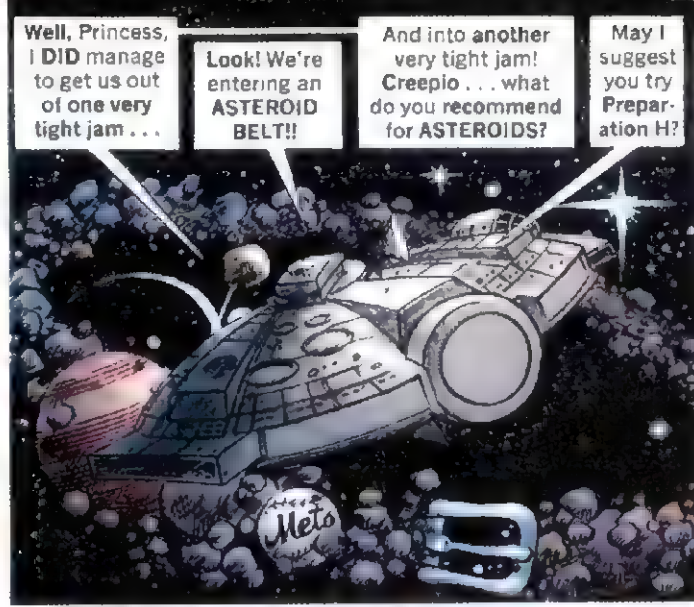
Hold on, Princess!
It's time to leave!

Hah!! Do you really
think this bucket
of bolts will get
us OUT of here!?!?

Hey, this is
the Aluminum
Falcon! This
baby's still
got a lot of
surprises
left in her!!

Sir! The entire control
panel just shorted out!

See? There's ONE
SURPRISE already!
And there should
be plenty more!!

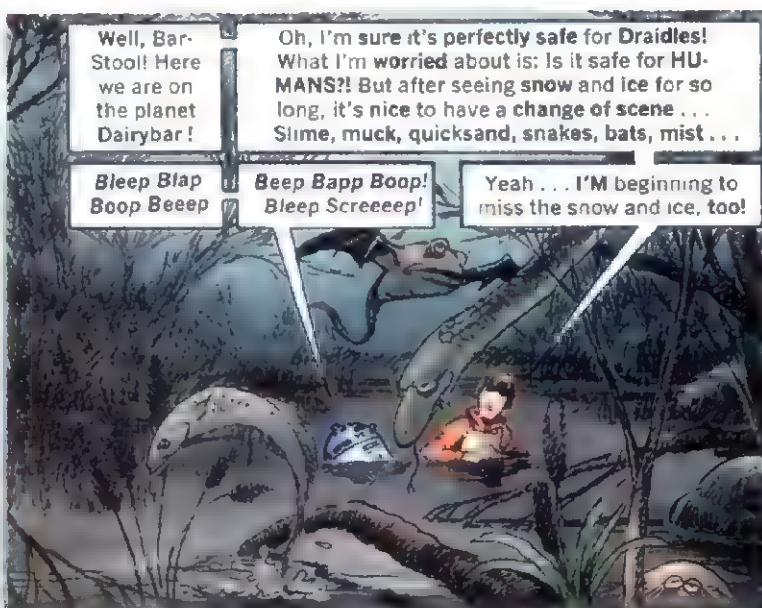


Well, Princess,
I DID manage
to get us out
of one very
tight jam . . .

Look! We're
entering an
ASTEROID
BELT!!

And into another
very tight jam!
Creepio . . . what
do you recommend
for ASTEROIDS?

May I
suggest
you try
Preparation H?



Well, Bar-
Stool! Here
we are on
the planet
Dairybar!

Oh, I'm sure it's perfectly safe for Draidles!
What I'm worried about is: Is it safe for HU-
MANS?! But after seeing snow and ice for so
long, it's nice to have a change of scene . . .
Slime, muck, quicksand, snakes, bats, mist . . .

Bleep Blap
Boop Bleep

Beep Bapp Boop!
Bleep Screeeep!

Yeah . . . I'M beginning to
miss the snow and ice, too!

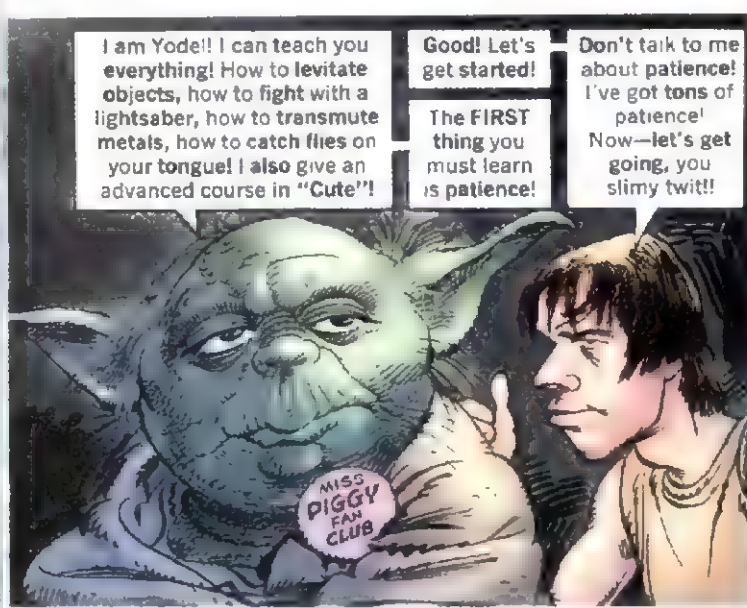


Welcome to Dairybar! May I help you?

SLIMY MUDHOLE???
This is my HOME!

Why . . . yes! I'm looking for a great
warrior and Jet-Eye Master named
Yodel! I KNOW it seems strange to
be looking for a person like that
in a slimy mudhole like this, but—

Well, I don't
exactly con-
sider YOU to
be MR. CLEAN!

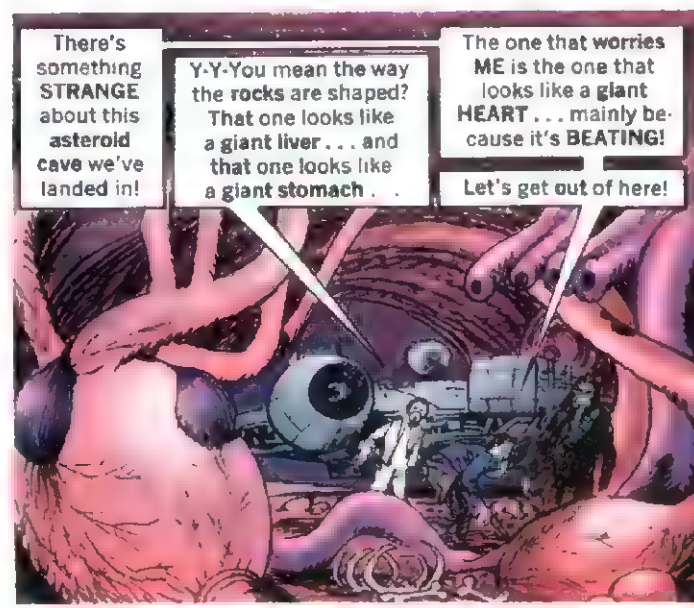


I am Yodel! I can teach you
everything! How to levitate
objects, how to fight with a
lightsaber, how to transmute
metals, how to catch flies on
your tongue! I also give an
advanced course in "Cute"!

Good! Let's
get started!

The FIRST
thing you
must learn
is patience!

Don't talk to me
about patience!
I've got tons of
patience!
Now—let's get
going, you
slimy twit!!



There's
something
STRANGE
about this
asteroid
cave we've
landed in!

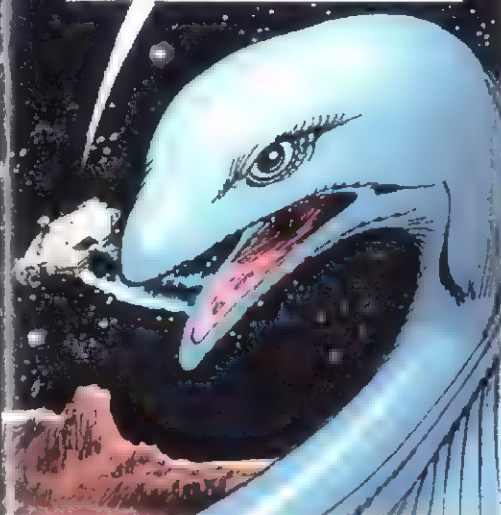
Y-Y-You mean the way
the rocks are shaped?
That one looks like
a giant liver . . . and
that one looks like
a giant stomach . . .

The one that worries
ME is the one that
looks like a giant
HEART . . . mainly be-
cause it's BEATING!

Let's get out of here!



Holy cow! Will you look at that . . . ?!
Is this "Star Wars V" or "Jaws III"??!



Well, Princess . . . I sure got us out of
tight spot number two with no trouble!

Imperial Starship
dead ahead, Sir!

And right into tight
spot number THREE!!



There's the Aluminum
Falcon! He's driving
directly at us, head
on! He must be crazy!

That, or he's got
No-Fault
Insurance!



Excuse me, your Royal
Hardhat, but the Falcon
has totally disappeared!
I feel so bad about los-
ing it, I could just die!

Your
wish
shall
be
granted!



GHACCKK!!

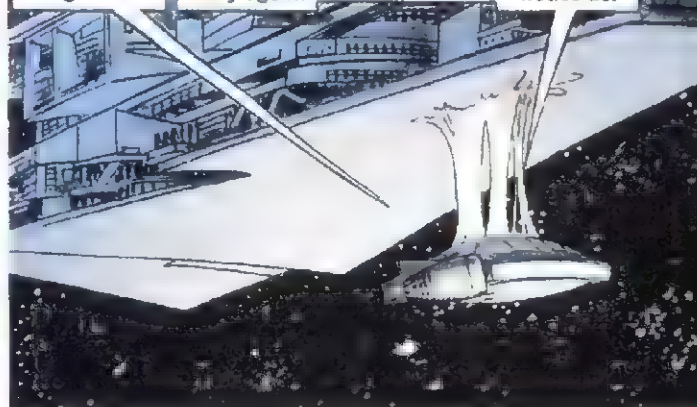


Chewbacco,
covering the
top of the
Falcon with
KRAZY GLUE
was a stroke
of genius!!

Now that
we're stuck
here, how
are we go-
ing to get
away again?

They have to
dump their
garbage be-
fore they
can go into
lightspeed!

Fantastic!
This ship
LOOKS like
garbage,
so they'll
never
notice us!



You've learned well, Lube!
I have taught you how to
lift objects like rocks
and plants and heavy cases!
You may be a Jet-Eye, yet!

Can you teach
me how to
lift wallets
and watches?

Then
again,
maybe
all is
lost!



Wait a minute!
I'm seeing a
vision of my
friends! They
are being be-
trayed! I must
GO to them!

Ah! You have
been given
the gift of
clairvoyance!
What are you
seeing now?

I'm seeing an Operator, from
Galactic Bell, asking for \$40
for the next three minutes!

I wondered how long it would
take the Telephone Company to
find a way to charge for ESP!

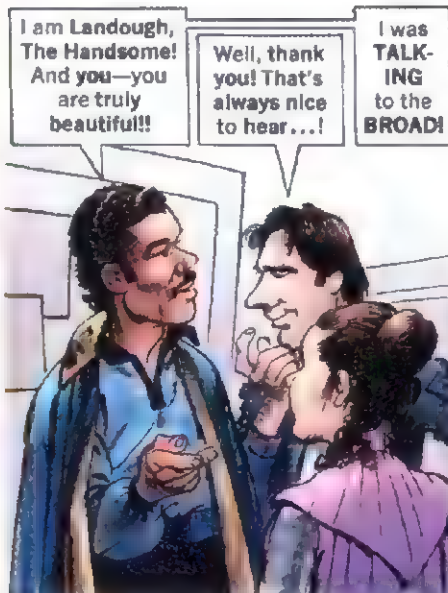




That's the planet **Bedpan!** They **KNOW** me, so we can hide there!

W-Why are they shooting at us?

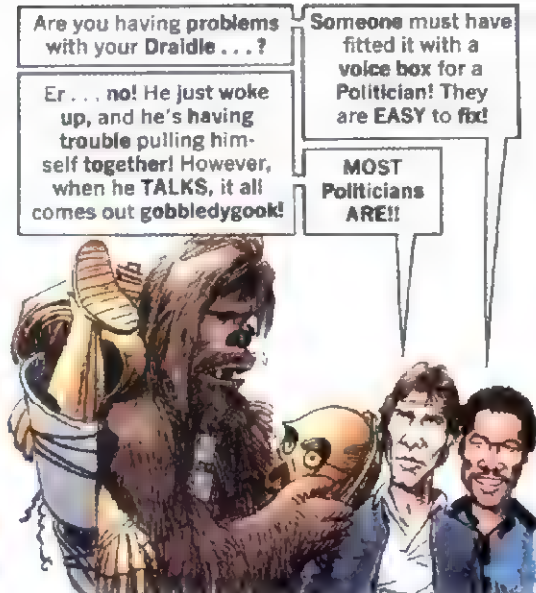
Like I said.. they **KNOW** me!



I am **Landough, The Handsome!** And you—you are truly beautiful!!

Well, thank you! That's always nice to hear...!

I was **TALK-ING** to the **BROAD!**

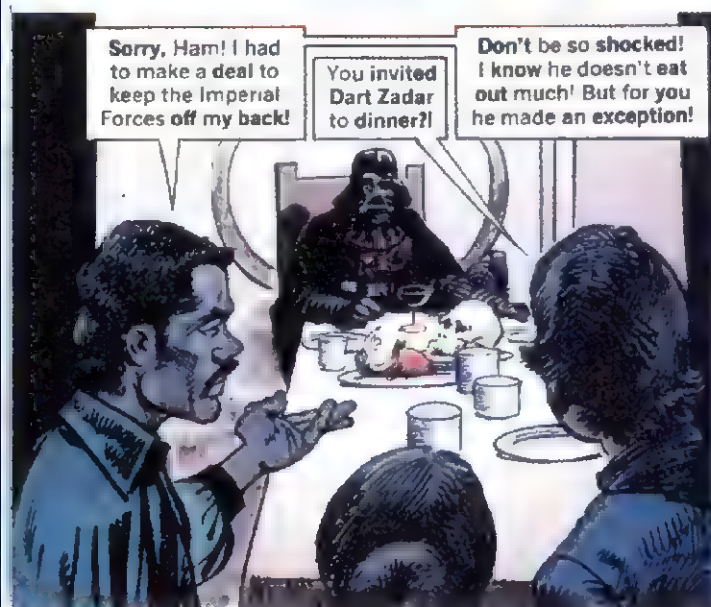


Are you having problems with your **Draidle...**?

Er... no! He just woke up, and he's having trouble pulling himself together! However, when he **TALKS**, it all comes out **gobbledygook!**

Someone must have fitted it with a voice box for a **Politician!** They are **EASY** to fix!

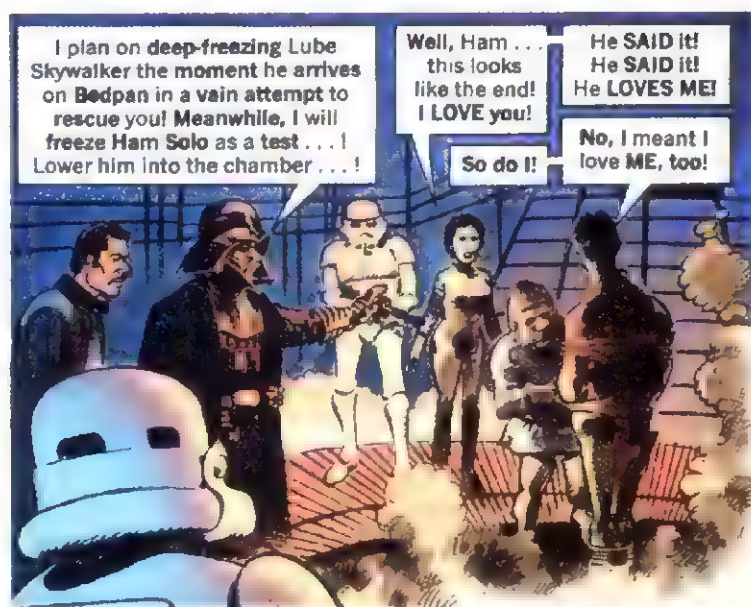
MOST Politicians ARE!!



Sorry, **Ham!** I had to make a deal to keep the Imperial Forces off my back!

You invited **Dart Zadar** to dinner?!

Don't be so shocked! I know he doesn't eat out much! But for you he made an exception!



I plan on deep-freezing **Lube Skywalker** the moment he arrives on **Bedpan** in a vain attempt to rescue you! Meanwhile, I will freeze **Ham Solo** as a test...! Lower him into the chamber...!

Well, **Ham...** this looks like the end! I **LOVE** you!

He **SAID** it! He **SAID** it! He **LOVES** ME!

So do I!

No, I meant I love **ME**, too!



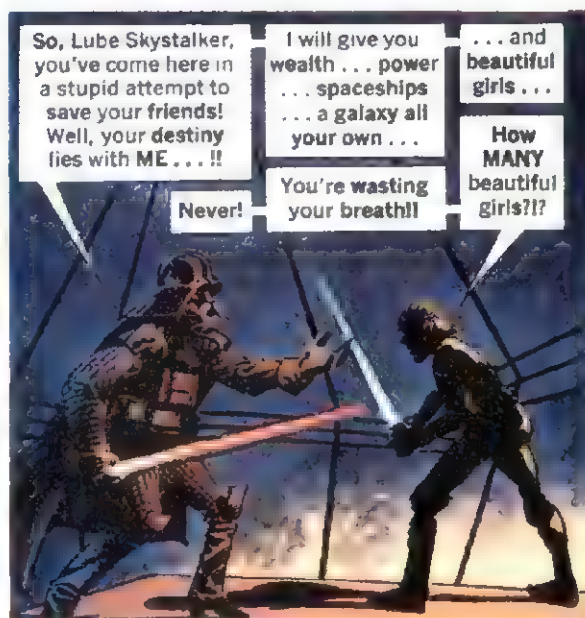
The freezing process has taken place! Did **Ham Yoyo** survive?

Gee, I really don't think so! He looks like **Creamed Spinach!!**

Excuse me, my Lord! That **IS** **Creamed Spinach!**

Ham Yoyo is in the other container... and he **DID** survive!

So he'll be around for "**Star Wars VI**" at least!



So, **Lube Skystalker**, you've come here in a stupid attempt to save your friends! Well, your destiny lies with **ME...**!!

I will give you wealth... power... spaceships... a galaxy all your own...

... and beautiful girls...

How **MANY** beautiful girls?!

Never!

You're wasting your breath!!

Get angry at me, Lube! When your anger starts, your power ceases!

Get ANGRY at you? Whatever for? I don't GET angry! Besides, I put on one of those extra dry deodorants this morning! I'm calm and cool and I have no underarm wetness!

Okay, Lube! You asked for it! Now let's see you get angry! I've cut off one of your hands! What do you say to that??

I **APPLAUD** you! Only it's not going to be **TOO LOUD!**

I have more good news! I am **your Father!!**

No! No! It can't be...!

That's it! You're getting angry! I **AM** your Father! What are you going to do about it!?

I'm **NOT** going to send you a **Father's Day** card, if that's what you're hinting at!!

In that case, I push you off this planet... and into the void of space!!

You're certainly **MEAN** enough to be my old man!!

We escaped from Bedpan, but we've got to go back! Lube just sent me a "**THOUGHT MESSAGE**"! He's in big trouble!!

Turn this ship around... and give me \$47.00 for the Thought Operator! Lube was thinking "**Collect**"!

Now that we've picked up Lube, how's he doing?

Fine!! I think his leg will be okay!

His **LEG**?! I thought Zader cut off his **HAND**!!

Zader **DID** cut off his hand! I broke off his leg when I pulled him aboard the Falcon!

Well, Lube, we've given you a new arm and a new leg! You've got nothing to complain about now!

Hmmmmmm! I'm **not** so sure about that!

There goes Landough and Chewbacco in the Falcon! I thought we should try to find HamYoyo, and I ordered them to set a course of N-30°-W-17°!

But, Princess... the ship with Ham and the Bounty Hunters was last seen going in the opposite direction!

I **KNOW!** I said we should try to find Ham Yoyo! I **DIDN'T** SAY we were in any particular hurry!

...AND SO ENDS EPISODE V OF "STAR DORES"!

WHEN LANDOUGH AND CHEWBACCO FIND THE FROZEN HAM YOYO, WILL HE CONTINUE TO GIVE PRINCESS LAIDUP THE COLD SHOULDER?

WILL CREEPIO KEEP BABBLING ON ENDLESSLY, AND FINALLY BE ELECTED TO PUBLIC OFFICE?

WILL DART ZADER STOP BEING "MR. NICE GUY," AND REALLY TRY TO DESTROY LUBE SKYSTALKER?

WILL ANY OF US REALLY CARE WHAT HAPPENS, AFTER ANOTHER TWO-YEAR INTERMISSION...??

MAY THE FORCE BEAT WITH YOU DEPT.



Hola, los readers! I'm Señor George Lucas, creator of the legendary *Star Wars* movies! This year is the trilogy's 20th anniversary, and I'm cashing in el big-time-o by introducing Luke and the gang to a whole new generation of los gullible fans! And what better way to do it than to ride on the jalapeno-hot coattails of the most popular dance since The Lambada (the forbidden dance of love)! So, grab hold of your lightsaber and feel the Force, as we sing the...

STAR WARS MACARENA

Obi-Wan Kenobi, he get by
on Jedi pension!
He now suffer from arthritis -
constipation not to mention!
Try to use El Force-o, brain
all dried up like adobe!
HEY, BEN KENOBI!

Flyboy is Han Solo, hot to
jump on Princess Leia!
But Leia, she play hardball,
never give him time of day-a!
Han no give a damn - soon
Indy Jones his primo role-o!
HEY, FLYBOY SOLO!

Dark Side turn Darth Vader
into deep-space Dr. Death-o!
He turn off Rebels plenty
with his wheezy morning breath-o!
Whole planets he wipe out -
no one to stop him like Ralph Nader!
HEY, EL LORD VADER!

Jedi maestro Yoda he
no bigger than a taco!
Come across like drop-out Muppet -
ears he steal from Mr. Spock-o!
Lives on distant planet -
no one sure of his Zip Code-a!
HEY, MAESTRO YODA!

Luke-o all shook up when
learn Darth Vader is his padre!
Find out Leia she his sister -
hope that Jabba not his madre!
Mucho stupefied like gringo
bombed out on Sambucco!
HEY, SEÑOR LUKE-O!

Robot Artoo-Deetoo he
computer mucho grande!
So smart that even
Windows 95 he understande!
Glad to show you cyber-porn
once price you both agree to!
HEY, ARTOO-DEETO!

Wookie El Chewbacca show off
shaggy Bigfoot torso!
He member of El Hair Club -
La Rogaine he now endorse!
Han Solo, he comprende
- Wookie lingo mucho screwy!
HEY, SEÑOR CHEWY!

Bimbo Princess Leia she play
hard to get, by golly!
When she strip down to her skivvies,
she one very hot tamale!
Mucho kicks she gets when men
they bow down, and obey-a!
HEY, PRINCESS LEIA!

I THINK
WE'RE DOING
THE LAMBADA

Jabba fat like Limbaugh -
grande glutton roly-poly!
He pig out on compadres -
make them instant guacamole!
Soon el groundo shake-o
with a belcho furioso!
HEY, JABBA GROSSO!

Gabby droid See-Threepio
he big pain in el but-to!
All the time he fuss and worry -
his big mouth he never shut-o!
Other droids they think
a closet gay he just might be-o!
HEY, SEE-THREEPIO!



Viva Star Wars movies and
el megabucks they gross-o!
Viva merchandising!
Viva profits tremendoso!
Viva dolls and comic books
and T-shirts we supplying!
HEY, KEEP ON BUYING!

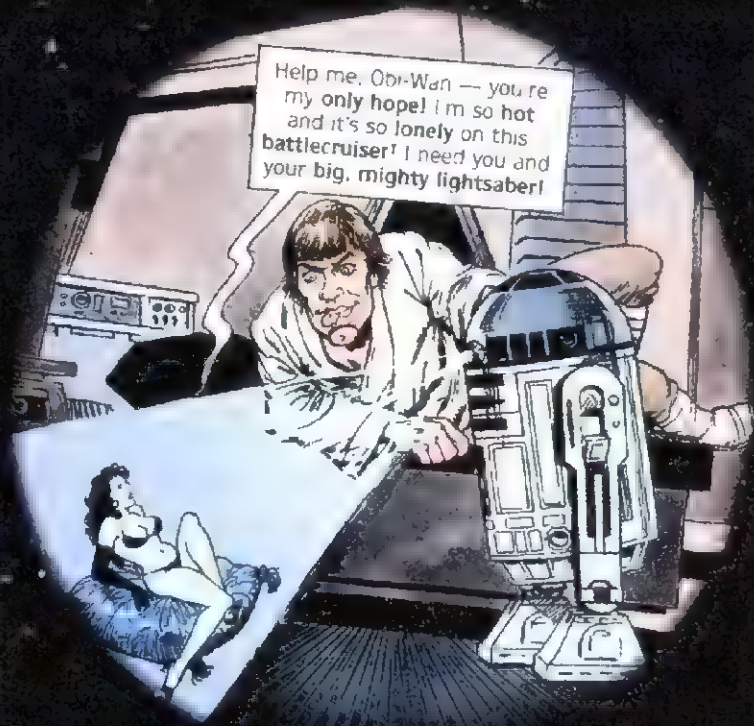


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

**TRYING TO RECAPTURE THAT OLD
INDUSTRIAL LIGHT AND MAGIC DEPT.**

Next spring, George Lucas is releasing a version of his *Star Wars* trilogy that boasts computer-enhanced graphics, digitally re-mastered sound and never-before-seen clips from all three movies! In other words, he's going to make the lightsabers orange instead of red, turn up the bass on the soundtrack and add three minutes of scenes that should have stayed on the cutting room floor! Too bad, because Lucas had a golden opportunity to make the *Star Wars* trilogy much more *au courant*! Instead of sitting at his ranch counting up the profits from action figure sales, maybe our buddy George could have taken our suggestions for...

UPDATING STAR WARS FOR THE FUTURE

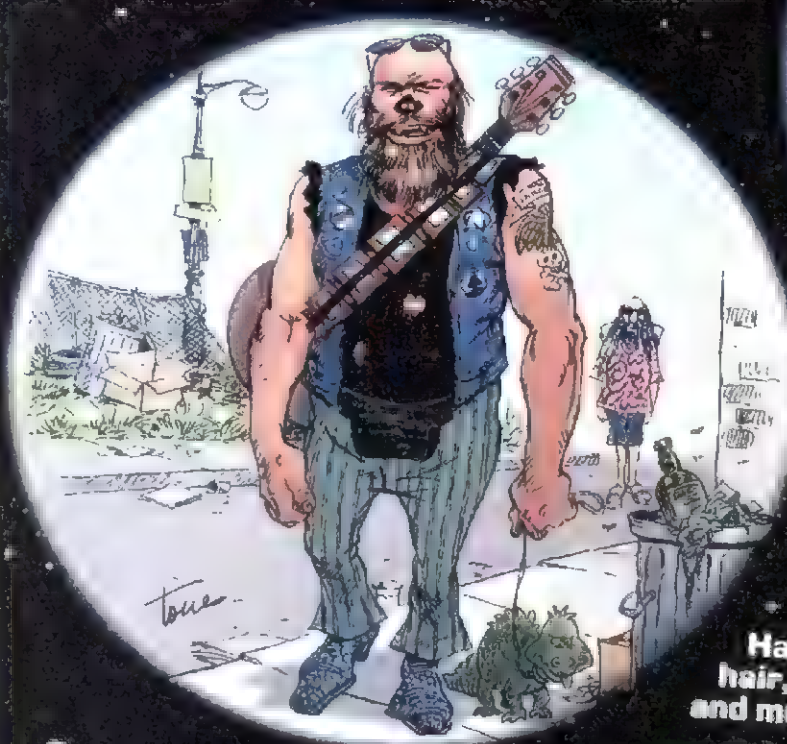


Have Luke Skywalker use R2-D2 to gain access to cyber-porn!



Instead of "May the Force Be With You," change the *Star Wars* slogan to something a little more contemporary!

Have Chewbacca shave his body hair, get a tattoo, pierce his nose and move to the East Village!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: LARRY BATTER



Have the whole gang hang out in a galactic coffee shop, and give them all haircuts like the cast of *Friends*!



Have Lando Calrissian and Han Solo face some *Pulp Fiction*-style torture!



Have Princess Leia perform a lap dance on Jabba the Hutt — assuming she can find his lap!



Turn Yoda into a foul-mouthed couch potato who calls everyone "asswipe" and "butt-munch"!

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPARTMENT

Hi! I'm **Princess Laidup!** Note that I'm wearing **less clothes** in this movie than before! That's 'cause my **figure's improved!** Unfortunately my acting **HASN'T!**

I'm **Ham Yoyo!** And this is my good friend **Chewbacco!**

Arg! Arg! Arrggghh!

But it does make me **jealous** that he gets the **best lines** in the movie!!

Hello! I am **Dart Zader!** My big kick in life is to **threaten and scare people!** I got my training working for the **I.R.S.!**

I'm **Landough!** I'm proud to be in a movie that gives work to **minorities!** No, I'm not talking about **Blacks!** I'm talking about **Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas and Freens!**

I'm **Cree-pio!** I think I've had it after this movie... unless they want me as **The Tin Man** in a remake of **"The Wizard of Oz"!**

I'm **Lube Skystalker!** In this movie I find out who my **Father** is...!

And after this movie I sure hope your **REAL Father** has a good business you can go into!!



I'm **Bar-Stool!** I've already had an offer that I keep me busy **24 hours a day!** I'm going to be a **garbage can!**

MAY THE
DWARVES
BE WITH
YOU

MRT
DRUCKER

STAR BORES

RE-HASH OF THE JETII

How nice to see you. Your Royal Hardhat! You're looking just wonderful! Have you been vacationing out in the sun?

Knock off the small talk! Work on this new Battle Star has not been going fast enough!

But we're already working 14 hours a day!!

Well, then... just double your efforts!

You mean, work 28 hours a day?!

Listen, I'm a sadist, not a mathematician!

This door-knocker makes a strange sound! It goes "Ouch!"

That's 'cause I'm not a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're rapping me in the eye!! What do you want??

We've come to see Chubby The Fatt! We have a holograph message for him!

Well, he's busy eating!!

Oh! Er... when will he be finished eating?!

Around JUNE!

MAY THE HORSE BE WITH YOU.

FOOD DELIVERIES FOR "CHUBBY THE FATT" ARE ACCEPTED AT 1,3,5,7,9 AND 11 O'CLOCK ALSO AT 2,4,6,8,10 AND 12 O'CLOCK AND AT OTHER TIMES BY APPOINTMENT.

ARTIST MORT DRUCKER WRITER DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fatness! was going to send you a Telegram, but instead so you can see me I'm sending this Hologram!

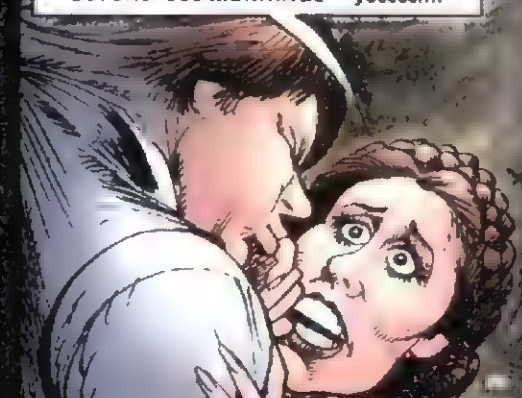
Well... now that I've seen you, I would've preferred a Candy-gram!

I've come here to bargain for Ham Solo's life! But I didn't come here empty-handed! I have a SURPRISE GIFT for you! The TWO DROIDS that brought this message are the gift! The fact that they DON'T KNOW they're the gift is the surprise!

I won't give him up! I like looking at him there... frozen, unfeeling, lifeless exactly the way he was BEFORE they carbonized him!

I'm here to free you, Ham Yoho! But I've got to admit... you're some remarkable man! Answer me one question: How... if you've been frozen for two and a half years... were you able to make "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" and "Bladerunner" ...?

Oh, wow! Morning breath is bad enough!! But after 900 MORNINGS yeecccch!!



Chewbacco?! Is it you? I still can't see, but the smell is unmistakable!!

Arg! Arg! Arrg!

Hey, I'm just as excited to see YOU, Chewbacco...but you don't see ME using YOUR leg as a fire hydrant!!

I've come here in person to take Capt. Yoyo and my other friends away! What do you say to that...?!?

The trap door under your feet will open...and you will die!

Gee! And I thought all fat people were supposed to be jolly!!

Fighting this ugly monster is **BAD ENOUGH!!** But what makes it even worse is He's not **HOUSEBROKEN!!**



You killed our pet!!

That thing was your PET. ?!

Yes, and we just spent a fortune to buy a pooper scooper for him!

For killing our Headquarters' mascot, you will all die! All except for the broad, who will wear a leash and be my "Playmate of the Month"! The rest of you will be taken to the Dune Sea, where you will be thrown into the Pit of the Gee-Spot, the resting place of Karnac! There you will stay in his stomach for one hundred years!

Wow! Just like when you eat a bagel!



What a desolate area this is...

It may not look like much, but we are the galaxy's largest exporter of "beaches"!

Now, Chubby The Fatt hopes that you will all die bravely...but if anyone wishes, he or she may beg for mercy!

You tell that slimy pile of fly-strewn dung that none of my friends will beg for mercy! As for ME...you tell that loveable old Santa Claus that I'm...

Quick! Hand me my light saber...!

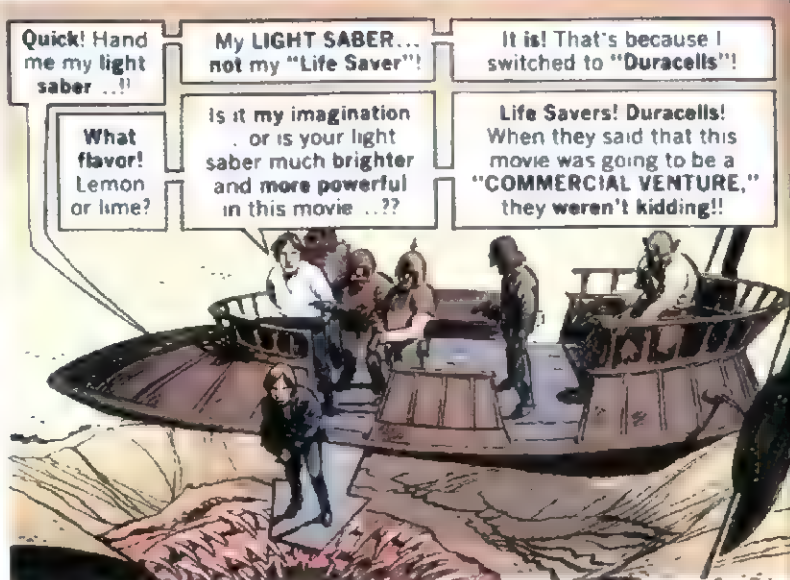
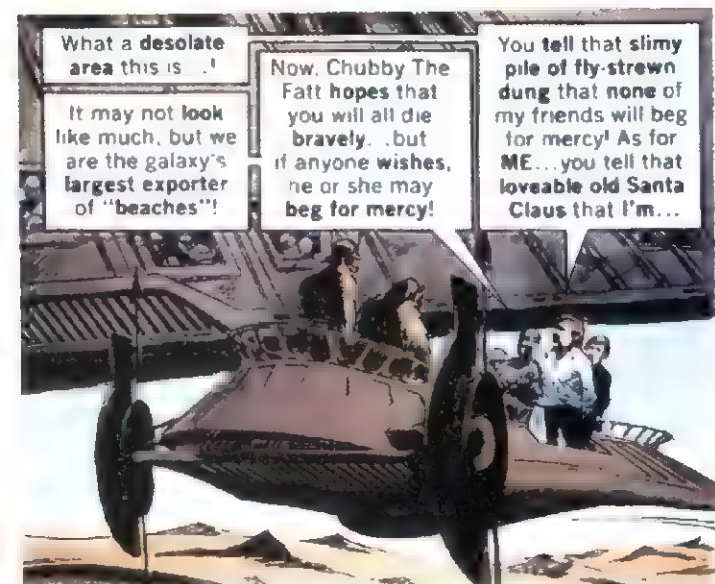
My **LIGHT SABER**... not my "Life Saver"!

It is! That's because I switched to "Duracells"!

What flavor! Lemon or lime?

Is it my imagination...or is your light saber much brighter and more powerful in this movie...??

Life Savers! Duracells! When they said that this movie was going to be a "COMMERCIAL VENTURE," they weren't kidding!!





Look...! Our desert monster is letting them get away!! What did they DO to it?!

They threw a case of "Preparation-H" into the hole. .!

ANOTHER plug? I'm amazed that someone hasn't called ME a tub of "JELLO" yet!

MAY THE LOSS BE WITH YOU

Strong I am with the Force, Lube, but rest me soon forever...!

Yodel, you seem to be talking a little backward!

What the heli want you from a man who is years old 900?!? English perfect?!?

I've come back for the rest of my training!

Then I'm a Jetti Master?!

Finished is your training! Diploma I sent you! But perhaps lost it the Post Office!

No! Yet not! First confront Dart Zader you must! Then, a date for the Jetti Graduation Prom you must get! THEN, all finished you will be!

Yodel, is Dart Zader my Father?

Let me this way put it! One of your Parents he is! And your Mother he's not!

Cough! Gag! Also, dying I am!

MAY THE BOSS BE WITH YOU

Yodel died...and he just DIS-APPEARED!! What a great way to save on Funeral Expenses!!

MAY THE LOSS BE WITH YOU

I can't go on!!

Oldie Van Moldie! You didn't tell me the TRUTH about my Father...!

Yodel will be with you always!!

Okay!! So the Boogeyman DIDN'T take him away!! Remember, Lube, the last time you asked me about your Father, you were five years old!!

Yodel spoke of ANOTHER who is with the Force!

The other he spoke of is your Sister!!

My SISTER?! You mean, LAIDUP?!

Your inner self serves you well!

My inner self ...and also the fact that she's the only girl in all these "Star Bores" movies!

This is the perfect time to attack the Death Star! The weapon system is non-operational, the Emperor himself is aboard, and we haven't wrecked anything in almost seven minutes!

MAY REMORSE BE WITH YOU

Now, what we'll use is the same top secret "Attack Plan" we used in the other "Star Bores" movies! Okay, audience... all together now!!

THE CRUISERS WILL CREATE A DIVERSION, WHILE THE FIGHTERS FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CENTER AND KNOCK OUT THE MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this small imperial shuttle, and disguised it as a Taxi Cab! When they see our Off Duty sign, they'll let us land and we can deactivate the Death Star shield generator!

What is your cargo and your mission?

Our cargo is empty buckets! Our mission is to collect sap from the forest moon trees for the new Inter-Galactic House of Pancakes!

You are cleared! On your way back, bring us a stack of Buckwheats!



Wow! Look at this Trooper's Rider! Boy, it must go fast!!

Oh-oh! They've spotted us! We'd better take a DEMONSTRATION RIDE!

How fast can it go!? It doesn't have any WHEELS!!

One thing's sure! At least we won't have to worry about getting a flat tire!!



Let's make some fast maneuvers, and force them to crash into the trees!

That should STUMP them, but good!

This BARK is worse than its BITE!

I've heard of going back to my ROOTS, but this is really ridiculous!!

Oh-oh! I think I turned over a new leaf!

Looks like the OAK's on them!!

That's the first time in my life I've seen sap going INTO a tree!!



What cute little people! Who are you??

We're the "Earwaks"! We've come to save YOU— and all the DOLL MANUFACTURERS who've been stuck with Yodel and Dart Zader toys! We're the "new generation" of "Star Bores" merchandising!!

Here...! Would you like something to eat!?! They're "Reese's Pieces" ...the candy of outer space creatures!



They're going to have us for dinner!!

That's very friendly... considering we've just met them!

I think you're missing the point! But you'll get it when they put you on a spit before they cook you!!

Ungawah!! Somebody steal old "Tarzan" set for this scene!!

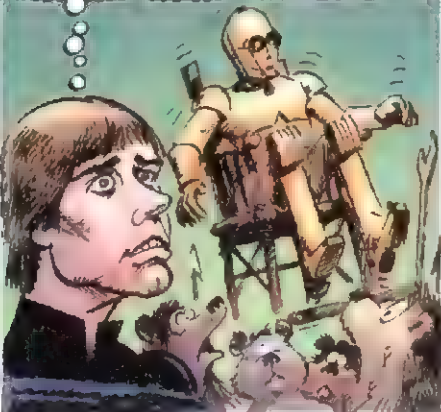




I'm using my JEDI powers to float Creepio over the crowd...!

They'll think he's a GOD...and let us go!!

Of course, if I REALLY knew how to use my powers fully, we would never have been in this jam in the first place!



I'm glad you're safe, Laidup! I've got news for you! I just discovered that Dart Zader is my Father, and you're my twin Sister, and Creepio is my twin Brother, and Chewbacca is my Dog, and Barstool is my old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner, and—

Gee, is this "Star Bores" or "All my Children"?!?



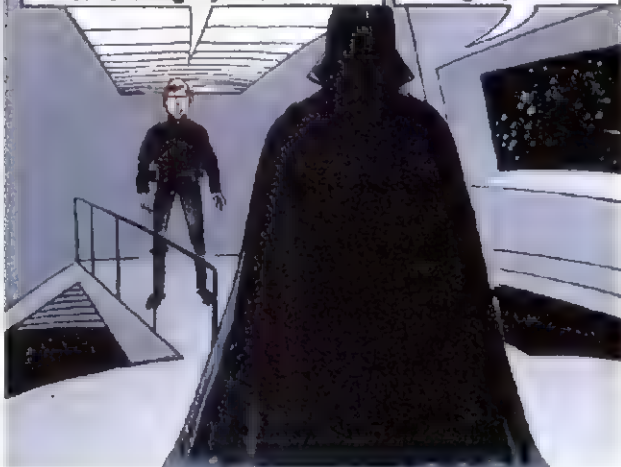
Now I must go and confront Dart Zader! He may seem all bad, but I firmly believe that in every bad, there's some good! And in every darkness, there's some light! And in every evil act, there's some regret—

... and in every long speech, there's some boredom! So GO!!



Hi, Dad!! Yes, I KNOW you're my Father! I've come to bring you back to the good side! I refuse to abandon you to the dark side—because I love you! And if it means losing my life, so be it!

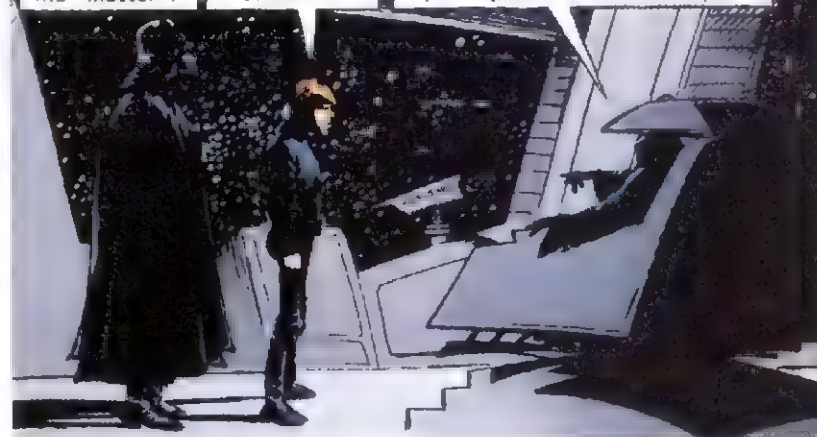
That's some talk—coming from a Son who never phoned or dropped me a line in over ten light years!!



Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been expecting you! In time you will call me "Master"!!

I'll probably call you a lot of things, but "Master" won't be one of them!!

If you think your friends will save you, you are mistaken! The battle is under way, and they're being soundly defeated! Look out that port and see for yourself! And if you want a closer view, put a quarter in the telescope!



Good! Good! The hate is swelling in you! Give in to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will do my bidding! Soon, you will be my servant...!!

No! NO! I will NEVER be your servant!

However...how about I make you some lunch??

...Or perhaps you'd like me to dust the furniture...or wax the floors...or brush your robe...or shine your shoes?

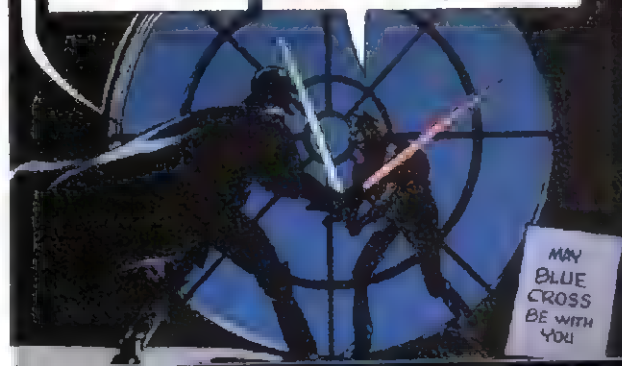


Come, Lube... fight for your life...!!

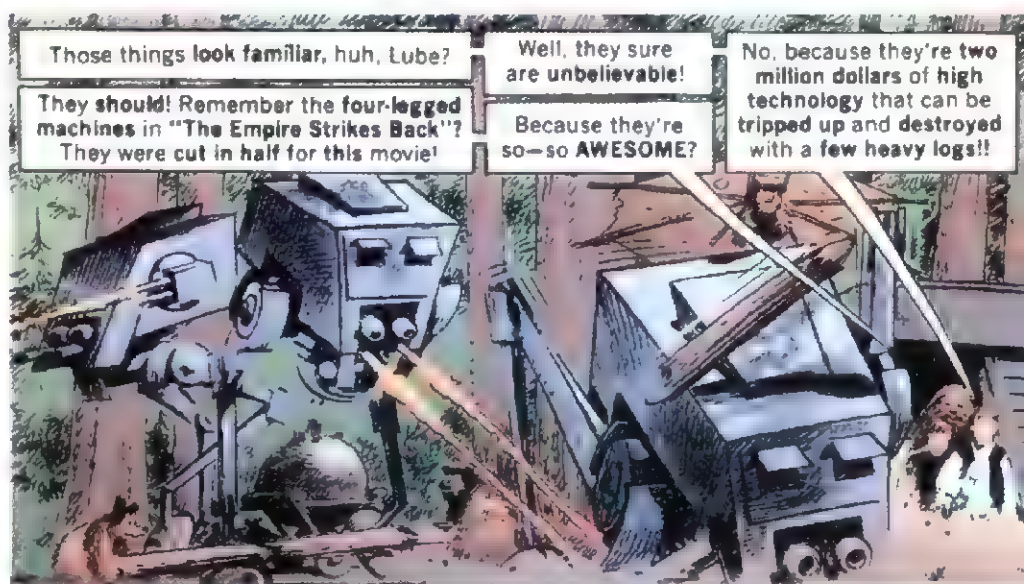
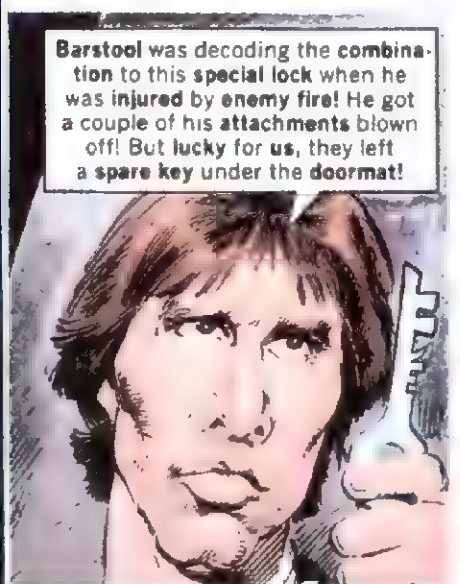
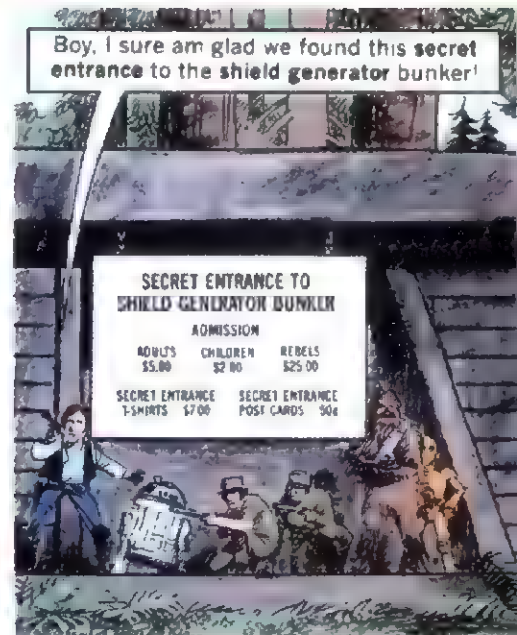
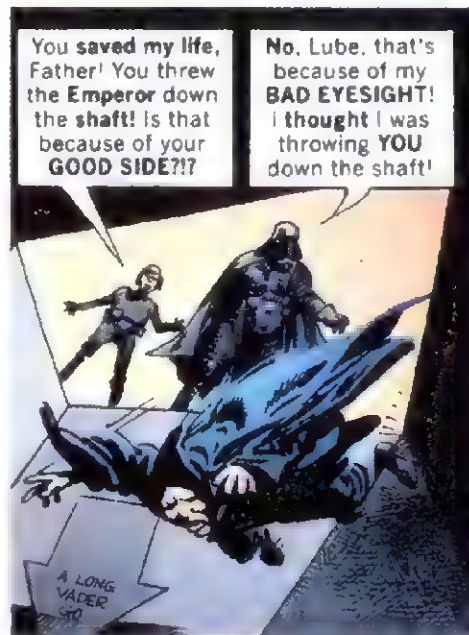
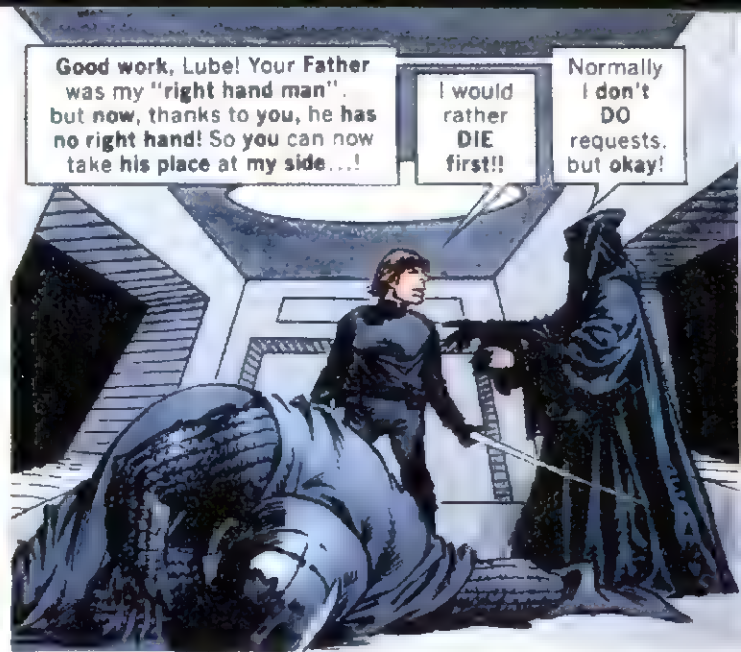
You didn't kill me the last time we battled! Why would you want to kill me NOW?!

Because last time, the good side of my evil side was the stronger side! But this time, the evil side of my good side is the much stronger side!

And now, it's really hard to tell WHICH side you're on!!



MAY BLUE CROSS BE WITH YOU





Hah! The Emperor thinks that this little band of rebels attempting to destroy his **Death Star** is nothing more than a "Mickey Mouse Operation"! Well, he's **WRONG**, isn't he, gang?!

Holy Cosmos! The Death Star is **FULLY OPERATIONAL**! How could they have gotten it ready on such short notice?!

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION** labor!

Thanks for helping me take my mask off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —ulp— glad I got all my looks from **MOM**'s side of the family!

Wow! This battle's got everything but the kitchen sink!

Don't look now, Buddy... but you spoke too soon! Only don't worry! The sink's on our side!

It's just one more special effect... designed to send the Emperor's evil Death Star down the drain...

... along with all the cutesy dialogue in this movie. ..

There goes the Death Star! But where's Lube?

Don't worry! I'm sure he's **safe**! And when he comes back, I won't stand between you two!

Yoyo, you yo-yo! I love Lube as a **Brother**, because he **IS** my Brother!

Then, you and I can get married?

I'm not sure! I think you're my **Uncle**!!

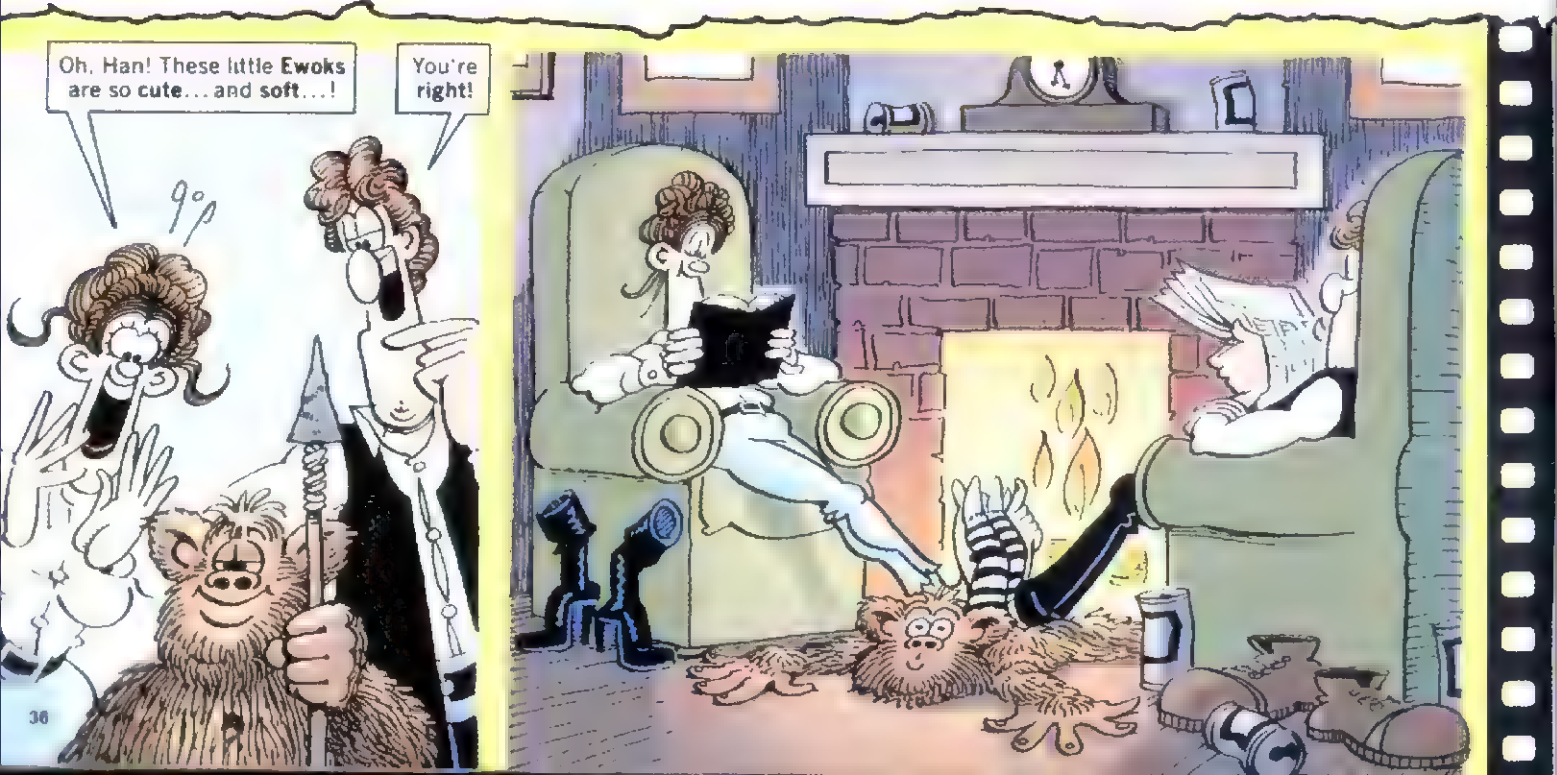
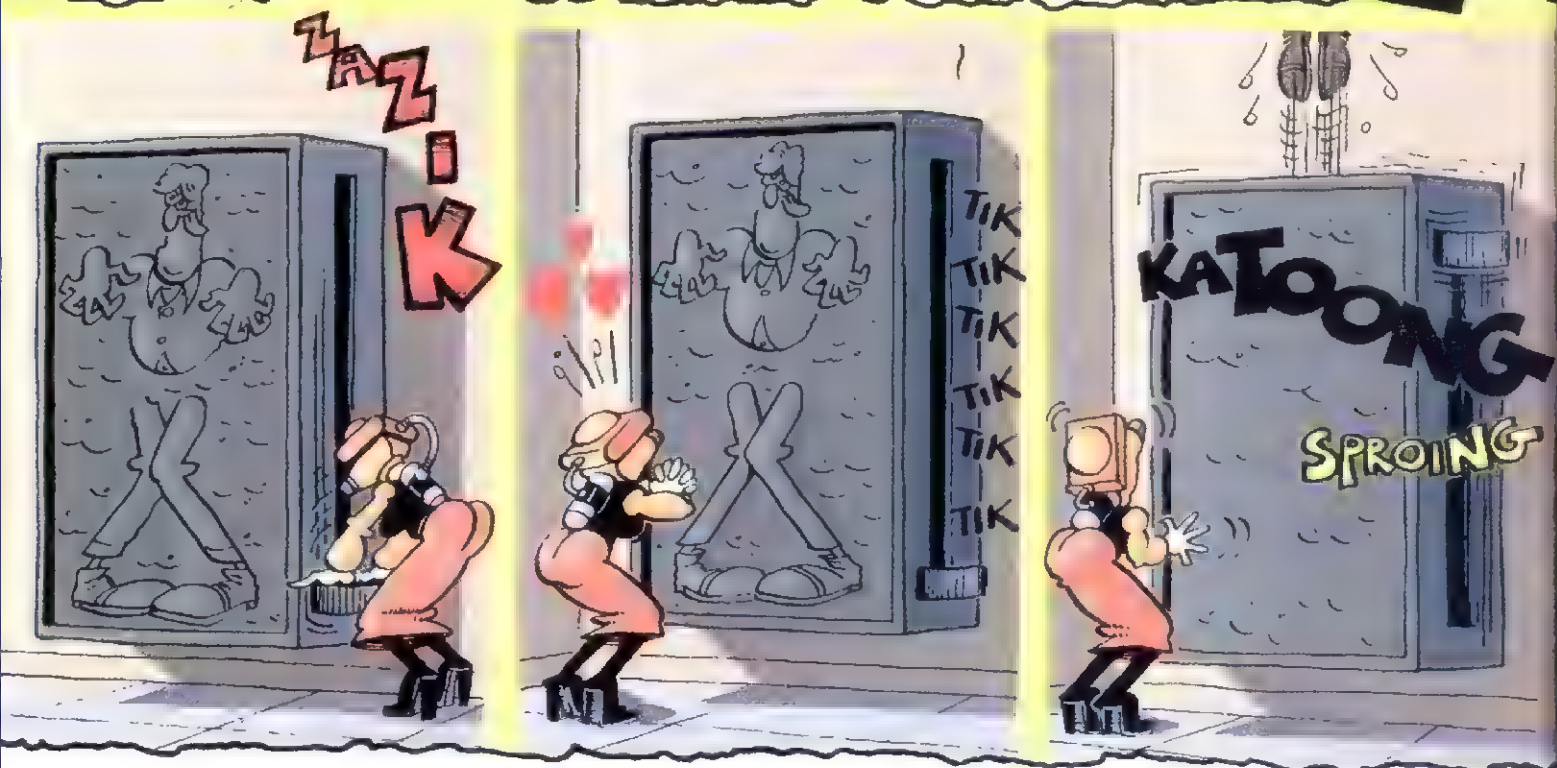
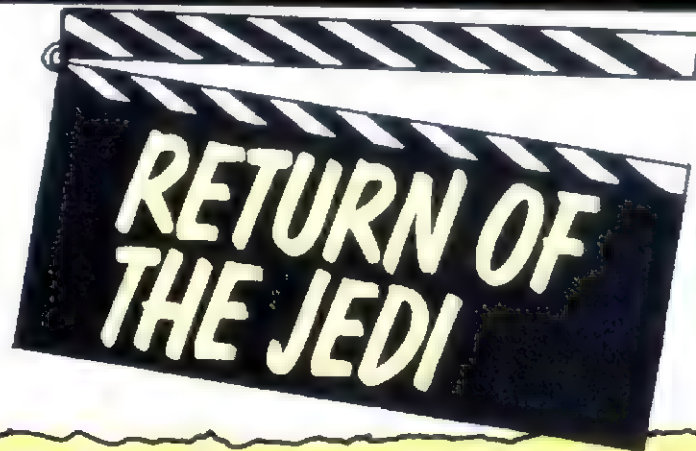
Wasn't it lucky that Laidup and Yoyo were only **Second Cousins**... and could get married?!

Yeah, great! But what a strange wedding this is! I've never **USHERED** at a wedding where the guests were divided into **THREE** groups

The **BRIDE**'s side of the family... the **GROOM**'s side of the family... and the **DEAD** side of the family!!

MAY DIVORCE
BE WITH YOU!

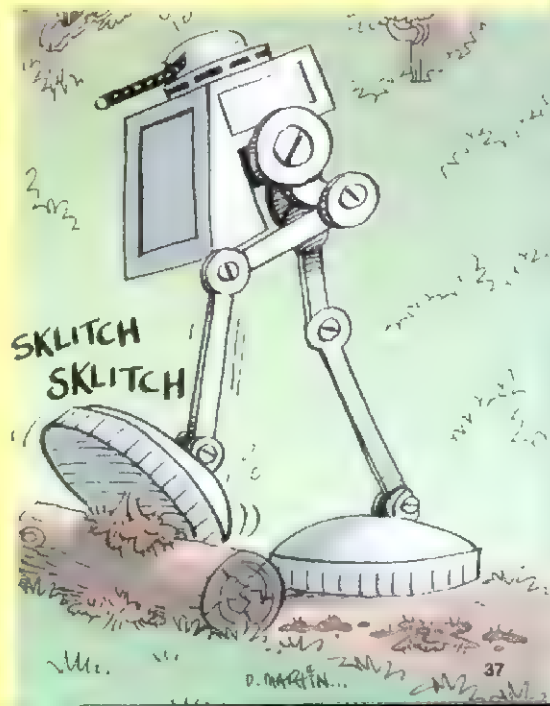
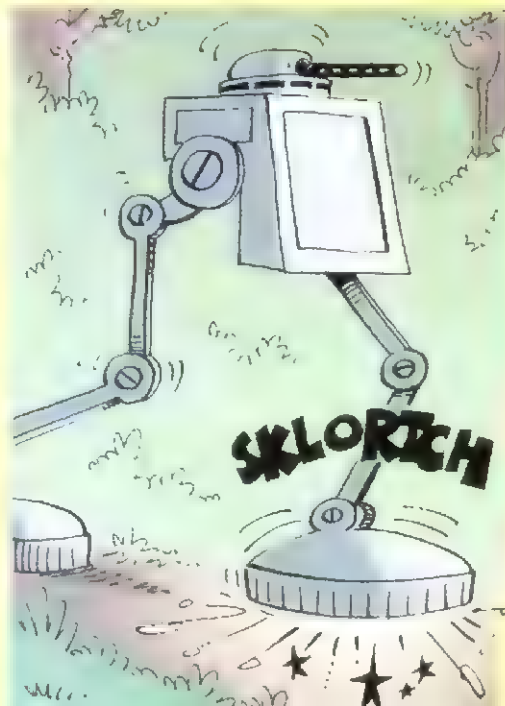
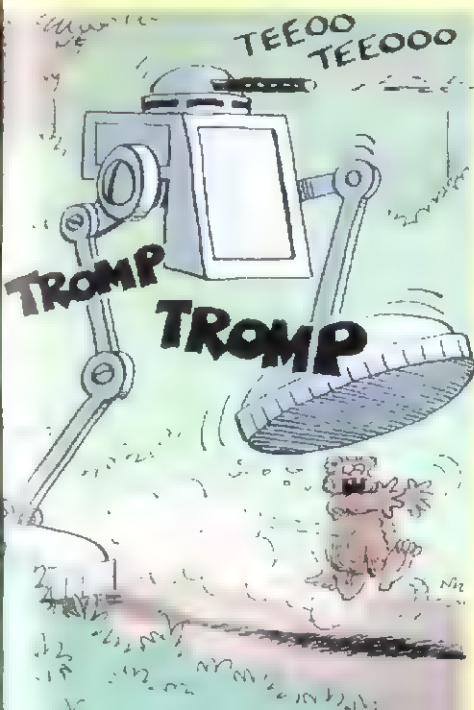
DON MARTIN'S

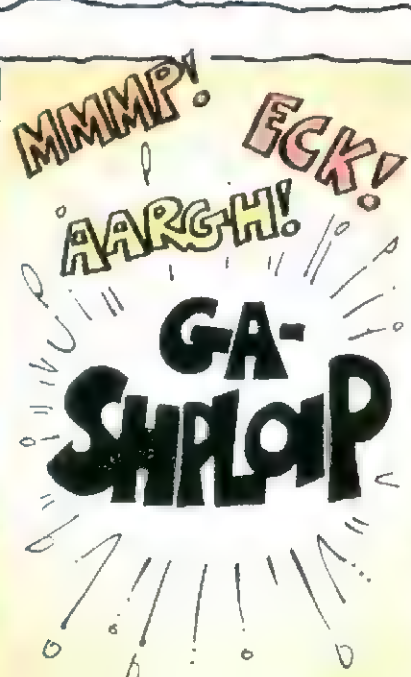
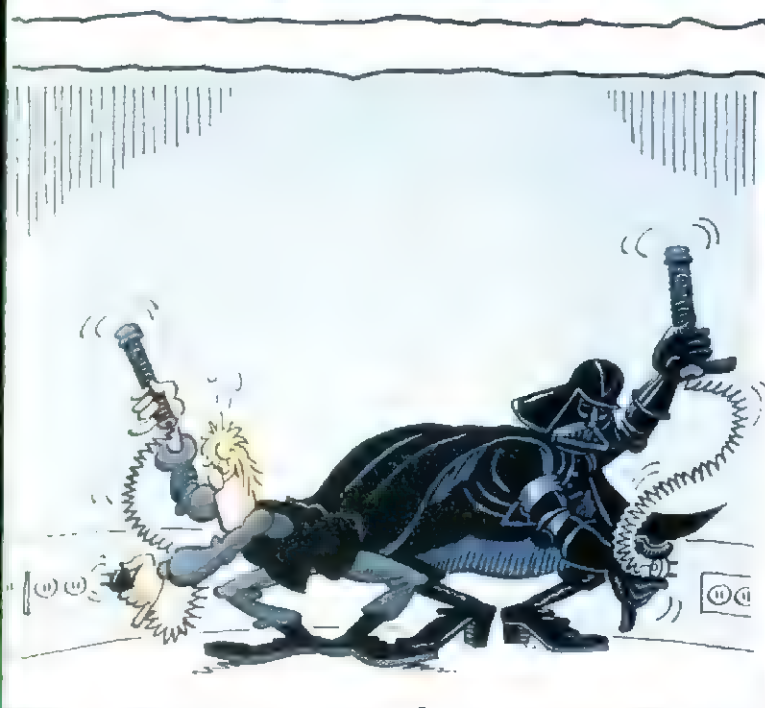
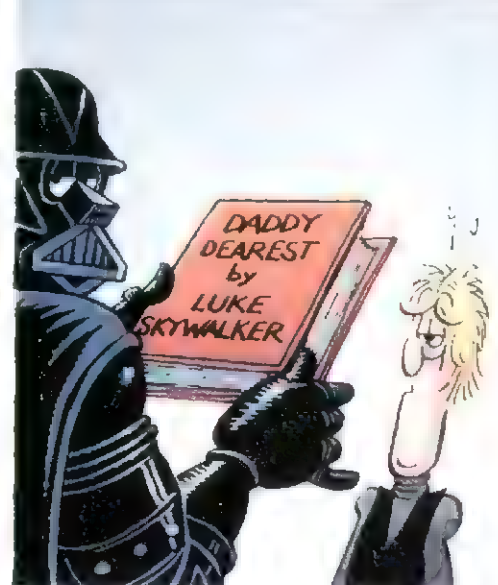
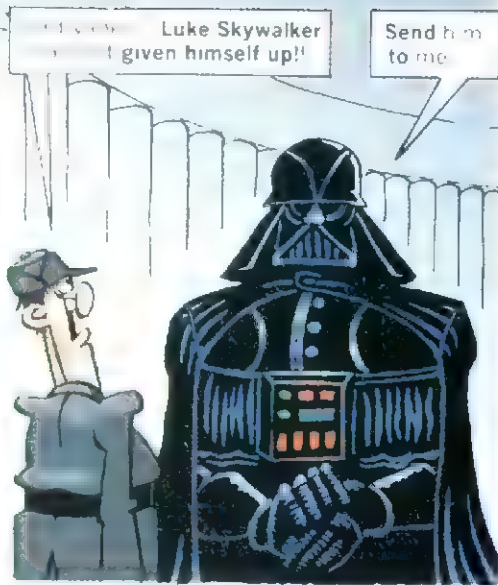


OUT-TAKES

Luke! I just figured out a way to ride these rocket sleds without crashing into the trees!

Yeah?
How?

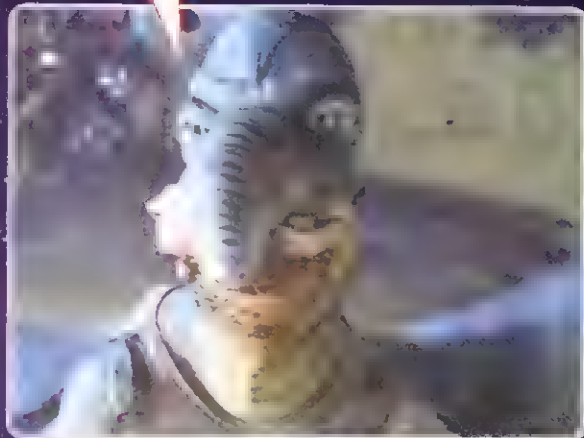




Found in a dumpster
8 mere 3000 miles from
George Lucas' Skywalker Ranch.
MAD now proudly presents...

MISSING DIALOGUE from THE PHANTOM MENACE

if **one** more person
tells me I look like **Barbra**
friggin' Streisand, I'm
gonna **scream!**



Wow, **Donald Trump**
has pulled out **all the stops**
this time! **Check out**
the **buffet!**



No, I said a **SMALL**
Coke and a **LARGE** fries! **Man**,
these **drive-thrus** are a
pain in the ass!



Four thousand
puppeteers in the union
and I gotta get one with
cold hands!



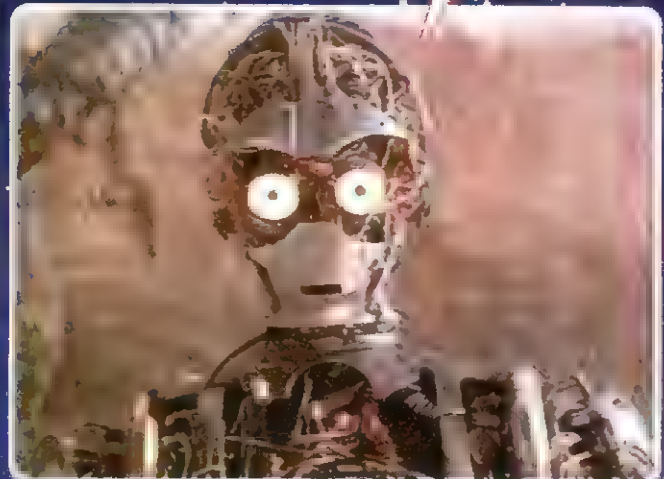
I'm telling you
the **third one** on the
left is that **Ally
McBeal** chick!



I park here for
15 lousy minutes and
some creep steals
my tires!



I gotta
start
using a
sunblock!



That's not **The
Force** you're feeling,
that's the **wind!** Your
fly is open!



\$38.50 for
THESE crappy
seats?!? Damn that
TicketMaster!



Choke up...
Eyes steady...
Wait for a
good pitch...



Yipes! What
an ugly bitch!



Next time, I'm
flying First Class!

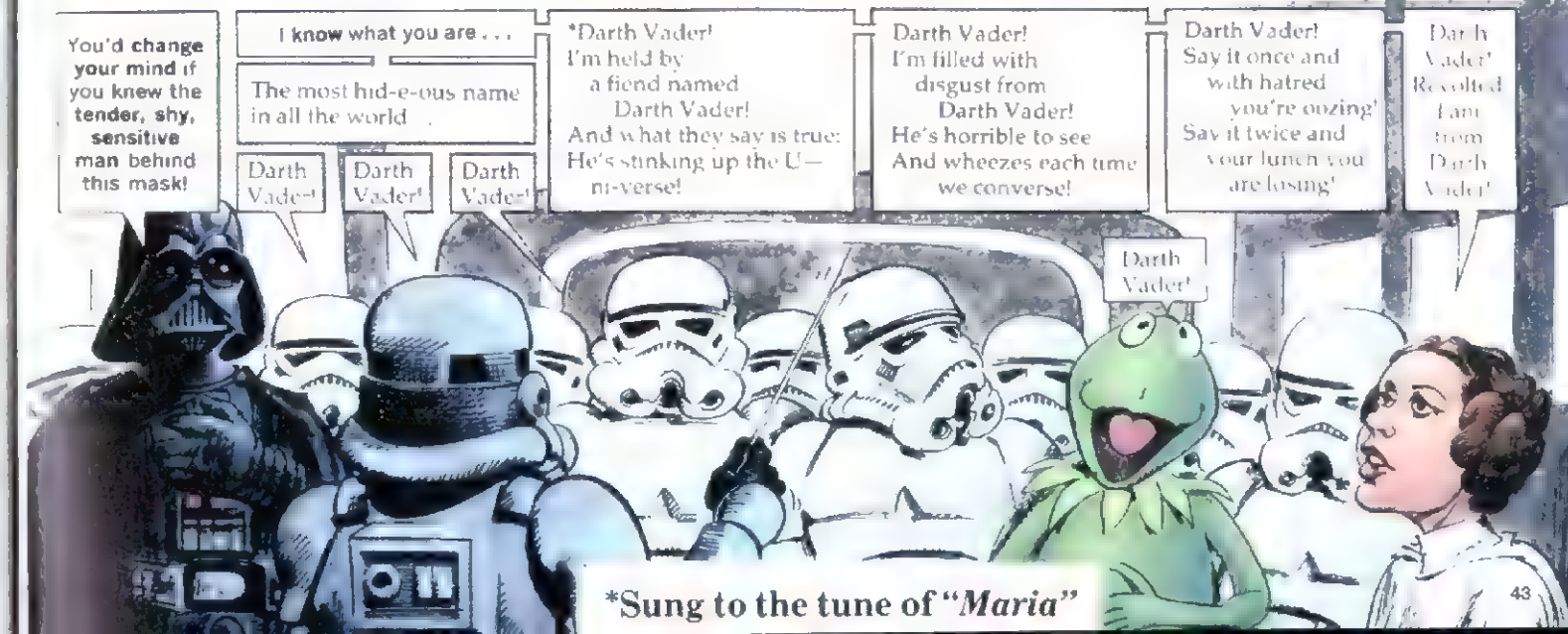


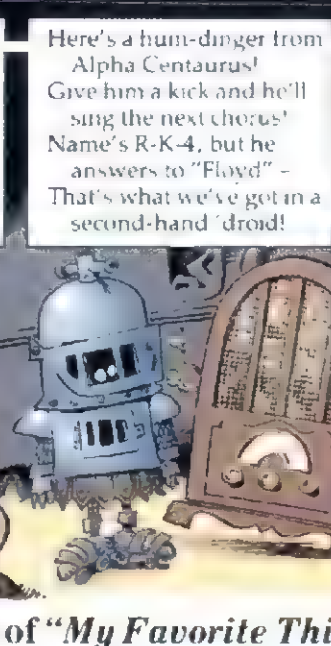
Once, not too long ago in our galaxy, we were invaded by a movie called "Star Wars" . . . and it was so spectacularly successful that it led to further exploits of "Star Wars" such as posters and dolls and toys and jewelry and coloring books. We feel that it's only a matter of time before we are assaulted by the ultimate "Star Wars" spin-off . . . namely, a musical based on the movie. With this in mind, let's look into the future, as the Editors of MAD present

THE FORCE AND I

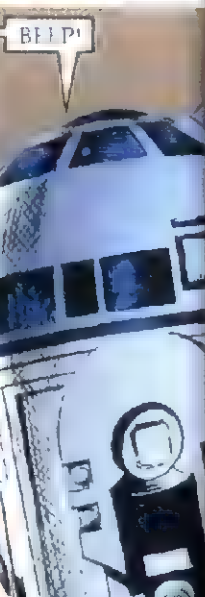
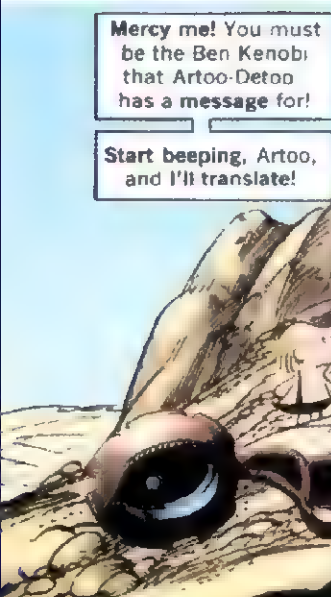
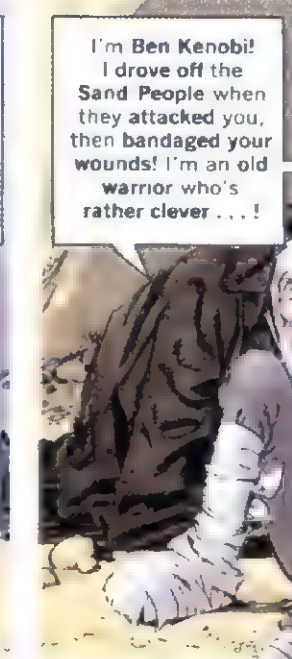
THE MAD "STAR WARS" MUSICAL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





**Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"*



**Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"*

Being a farm boy, I don't know very much about the outside world! What's a Death Star?

A man-made planet where they're holding Princess Leia, who's a very beautiful girl!

What's a girl?

Bartender, give me a double!

Here's mud in your eyes!

Hi there! I'm a Taurus!

I never would have guessed!

Spock, I think we beamed down to the wrong show!

I've never seen a band like that!

They're something like "Punk Rock" ... only with CLASS!!

"By the time I get to Vega she'll be meltin' — An' sure enough she'll be thinkin' we're involved! I'll give her a hug then tell her it's all over. Cause I know in just an hour she'll be dissolved!"

HEY! SHIC! SHING MELANCHOLY MARTIAN!

ROSE FOR GREETING CARDS. WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

SLURP!

*Sung (briefly) to "By The Time I Get To Phoenix"

How are you going to get Han Solo to fly us away from here?

I'll use the FORCE on him!

You'll fly us wherever we want!

If fly you wherever you want!

You'll even risk your life if necessary!

I'll even risk my life if necessary!

You'll let me pay by check!

Like HECK I will! You'll pay CASH ... or we're not flying anywhere!

GROWR!!

I thought the Force was ALL-POWERFUL!

There's ONE power that not even IT can stand up to!

What's that?

The power of MONEY!!

You—you blew up Alderaan and killed 500 million people! Why??! WHY ... ?!?

Partly for urban renewal ... partly to provide the audience with some dazzling effects ... but mainly to introduce my big number, which will describe my daily routine as the Galaxy's most evil Space Lord ...

Each day I must prepare to look my best For each attack here! I love The cape I wear I'm always dressed in basic black here!

I then Put on my mask — I have it shined Each week on Friday! And this ... Should tell you how I'm starting My day!

At noon I have a meal Of molten lead On shredded granite! And if Depressed I be, I wipe out dead A pressing planet!

Each world That's blown to bits Can turn a low into a high day! And this Should tell you how I'm spending My day!

*Sung to the tune of "My Way"

Then later on
'Bout half-past three,
I ter-ror-ize
A gal-ax-y!
I blast their ships!
They pay the price—
Until they call
Me "Mister Nice!"

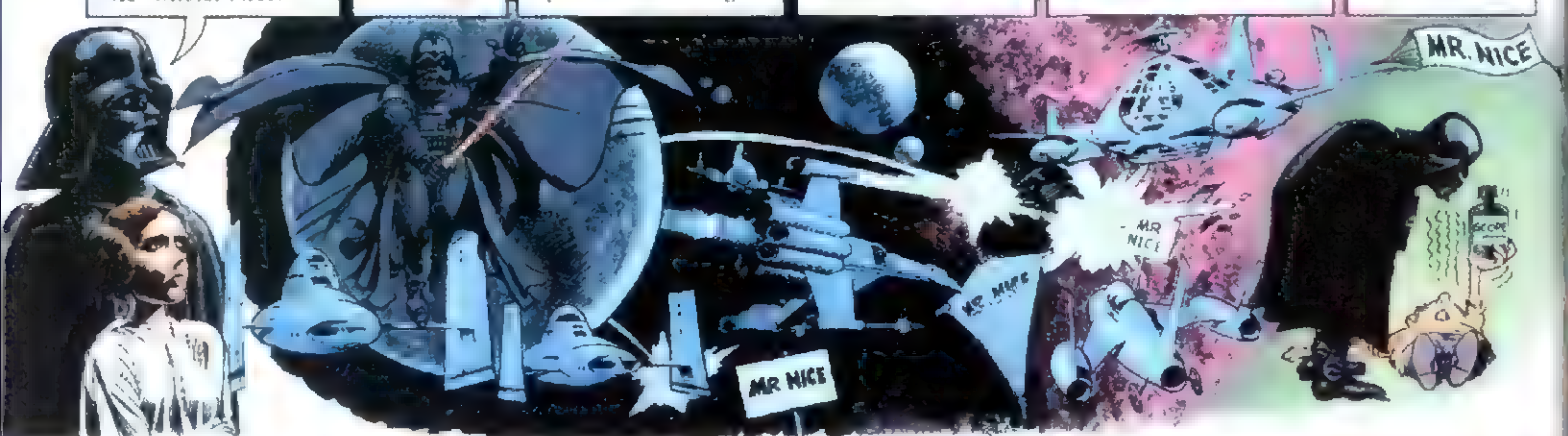
To me
they bow!
And that
is how—
I'm
spending
my
day!

At four .
I burn alive
A rebel crew
That I am seizing!
And then
just after five,
When work is through,
I practice wheez.ng!

I've had
A nif-tv time—
Real peachy-keen—
An apple-pie day!
And that
Should tell you how
I'm spending
My day!

But should someone say
My breath is bad—
Well, golly gee,
That makes me mad!
He'll find his fate
Is rather grim
When I bend down
And breathe on him!

And as
he dies—
With
awful
cries—
I'M
ENDING
MY DAY!



What is it, Ben?

In my mind,
I hear moans
of agony and
deep despair!

Is it the
lost souls of
Alderaan being
wiped out by
Darth Vader?

No, it's the Producers
of the original movie—
remember how they
lost the Oscar for Best
Picture to "Annie Hall"!

You're really
weird, Ben!

It's not ME,
Luke... it's
the FORCE!!



*Like it's seeing what's around you
When your eyes are tightly shut
Living through those countless insults
When you're called a hairless nut
And it's getting up tomorrow
Though you think it's yesterday
And it's hiding there's no meaning
To the far out things you say.



***Sung to the tune of
"The Windmills of Your Mind"**

And a part of you is floating
While the rest of you stays here.
And you have the strong suspicion
It's not helping your career
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!

Words that boggle all your senses.
Lines that leave you in a fog.
While you try to get the meaning
Of this nothing dialogue
And it's feeling kind of useless
From this song that you can't sing
Like a yoyo that you're spinning
With your head caught in the string

And you look into a mirror
And decide that you are strange.
So you babble on forever
Knowing you will never change
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!



Years ago, my great portrayal—
Were acclaimed throughout the globe
Now I'm up here suffocating
In this worn-out, smelly robe
Still I guess I should be thankful
That I've managed to survive
Though I should have stayed retired
Cause I'm over 65.



Now I'm on this leaky space-ship
Where for me there's no escape
With a greedy gung-ho pilot
And a screaming 10-foot ape.
Plus an adolescent kid who's
Never seen the Milky Way
With a robot who keeps beeping
And a droid I think is gay.

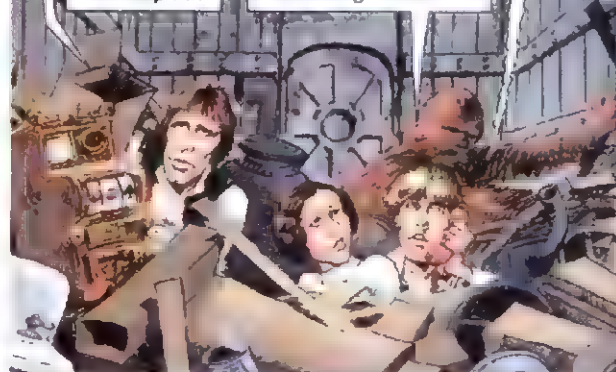
And I know I'll meet Darth Vader
And soon after that I'll die
And I'm thinking on the whole
That I prefer the River Kwai—
And I wish I could unwind.
But I find I'm in a bind
'Cause the Force
Controls my mind!

We rescued the Princess, and now we're trapped in this garbage pit!

This is See-Threepio! I'm not at home right now, but if you leave your name and number at the sound of the beep, I'll get back to you just as soon as I can.

Don't worry! I'm phoning See-Threepio for help...

Boy, I hate phone-answering machines!!



Stay... Han Solo! Help us destroy the Death Star!

Princess, I don't like the odds! You see...

"I make my luck in the Galaxy! Earn a fast buck in the Galaxy! I don't get stuck in the Galaxy! Why be a schmuck in the Galaxy?"



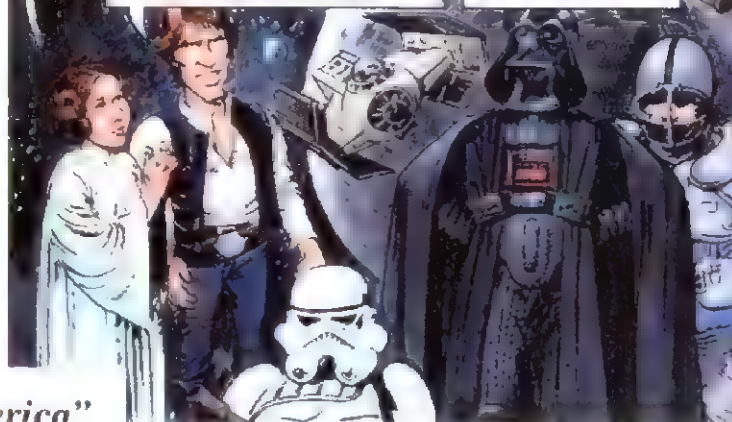
Help us to blow up the Death Star!

Why don't you rent out a Hertz Car?

If you run out, we just might lose!

I'll watch it a 1 on the late news!

I make good bread in the Galaxy! I'm not misled in the Galaxy! I use my head in the Galaxy—So I'm not dead in the Galaxy!



**Sung to the tune of "I Like It Here In America"*

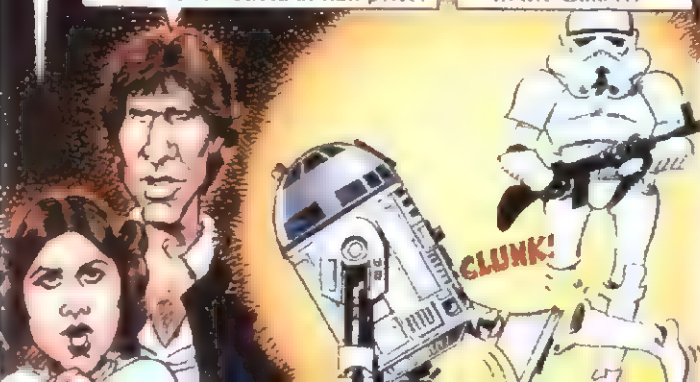
We've got to wipe out the Death Star!

Crazy. I think, is what you are!

Being so greedy is not nice!

I'd sell Chewbacca at half price!

Darth Vader's rough in the Galaxy! He's got the stuff in the Galaxy! You can hang tough in the Galaxy! I've had enough in the Galaxy!



Stay here and fight off the Death Star!

I'm off to Mars, which is quite far!

We'll be attacking them real soon!

Drop me a post card on Neptune!

One thing's clear in the Galaxy! Your end is near in the Galaxy! You'll disappear in the Galaxy—While I'm still here in the Galaxy!!



Here I am,
the only
pilot left
who can de-
stroy the
Death Star!
Help me,
Ben...

Use the
Force,
Luke!

What
can the
Force
do, Ben??

The Force
knows how
to find the
target, Luke!

What else can
the Force
do, Ben??

The Force knows
how to hit the
target, Luke!

But what if the
Force lets me
down and misses
the target. Ben?

The
Force
also
knows
how to
cover
up,
Luke!

Okay, Artoo! What
do we do when we
face almost cer-
tain death? What
ELSE!! We sing!!

*We're ... off to kill the bad guys—
And blow them right out of the sky!
If we should miss
Then you can all kiss
Our buddies back there good-bye!



But you can be certain we'll kill the foe
By striking the blow
That lays them low —
Because, because, because, because—I know
There's only one way we can end this show!

TWEETLE
-BEEP-
TWEETLE
-DE-BO!

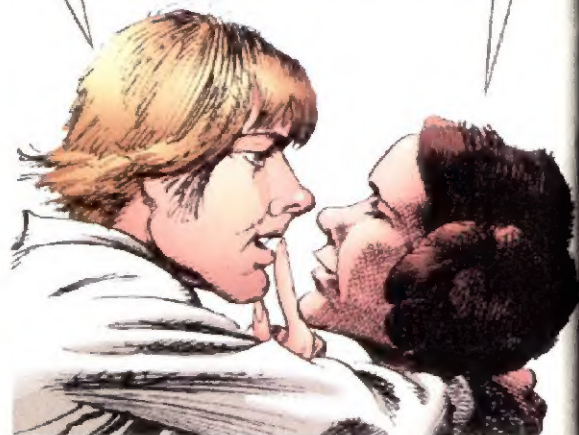
We're off to kill
the bad guys—
And blow them
right out of
the sky!



**Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"*

Well, Princess, this is
the end, right? We did it!
We wiped out the Death Star
and made the Galaxy safe
for Democracy! Now, we can
live happily ever after in
peace and freedom! Right?

Wrong, Luke!
This **CAN'T** be
the end! We're
going to **keep on**
going, because
we still have
THE FORCE!!



*We've grown accustomed
to the Force
That pulls in people
to this show!
We've grown accustomed
to the gross—
No other show comes close!

We're big! We're hot!
A smash ...
we've got—
With tons of
money pouring in
From fans who
make our profits grow!

Although we could have
killed Darth Vader,
It was not the
thing to do!
We'll need him in the
future when we
Bring out "Star Wars II"!

We've grown
accustomed
to the clout—
The way we
all made out—
Ac-customed
to the
Force!!



48 **Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"*

**WHERE ARE
SOME VERY
SUCCESSFUL
ACTORS
COMING FROM
LATELY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Actors come from a variety of places, such as neighborhood theaters, summer stock, local TV, repertory companies, etc. But lately, actors are coming from a really unique place. To find out what that place is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THESPIANS TODAY ARE PLAYING EVERYTHING...FROM
MACBETH TO LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. WHEN SPOTLIGHTS SHINE
SHOW FOLKS WORK TIRELESSLY UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP

A

B

**WHERE ARE
SOME VERY
SUCCESSFUL
ACTORS
COMING FROM
LATELY?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

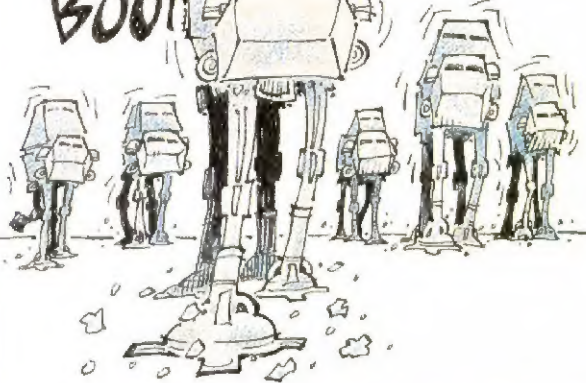
**THE
MACHINE
SHOP
A B**

ONE DAY ON THE SNOWY PLAINS OF HOTH

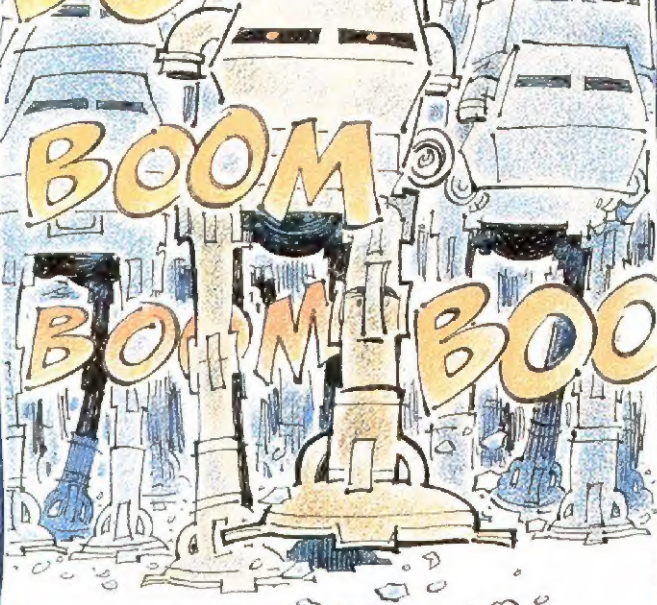
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: DUCK EDWING